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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF THE LATE

Richard Penn Smith.

COLLECTED BY HIS SON,

HORACE W. SMITH.

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TO THE MEMORY

OF MY

Deceased Parents,

RICHARD PENN SMITH,

AND

ELEANOR M. SMITH,

THIS BOOK

is affectionately dedicated by their only remaining child,

HORACE W. SMITH.

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INTRODUCTION.

In publishing the following pages I have given them to the printer in the exact condition in which the author left them—I have not altered nor added a line, except by way of *note*. And not wishing to publish any thing which the reader might think was flattery, I have taken the liberty of using a biographical sketch—written some years ago by my father's friend, Morton McMichael, Esq.:—

Richard Penn Smith was born at the south-east corner of Fifth and Chesnut, on the 13th day of March, 1779; he received his early education at Mount Airy, and at Joseph Neef's Grammar School, at the Falls of Schuylkill. He entered the law office of the late William Rawle, Esq., and upon arriving at age was admitted as a member of the Bar. From his father—the late William Moore Smith, a gentleman of the old school, of highly polished education and manners, and a poet of

considerable reputation, in his day—he inherited a taste for letters, and was early distinguished for the extent and variety of his acquirements. His first appearance as an author, was in the columns of the *Union*, where he published a series of papers, moral and literary, under the title of the "Plagiary." About the close of the year 1822, he purchased the newspaper establishment, then well known throughout this country as the *Aurora*, from the late Mr. Duane, and assumed the arduous and responsible duties of an editor. At this dray-horse work he continued about five years, when, finding it both weary and unprofitable he abandoned it, and resumed his profession. A good classical scholar, and a tolerable linguist, with a decided bent for the pursuits of literature, his mind was well stored with the classics, both ancient and modern; and amid the vexations and drudgery of a daily newspaper, he wooed the Muses with considerable success. Perhaps, to the discipline which editorship necessarily imposes, and the promptness which it requires, may in part be attributed the great facility he possesses in composition. While engaged in the duties of a profession, generally considered uncongenial to the successful prosecution of

literary adventure, he produced a number and variety of pieces, both in prose and verse, which showed considerable versatility of talent. His favorite study is the drama, and with this department of literature he is thoroughly familiar. With the dramatists of all nations he has an extensive acquaintance; and in the dramatic history of England and France, he is profoundly versed. Perhaps, there are few who have studied the old English masters in this art with more devoted attention, and with a keener enjoyment of their beauties. But it is not alone in the keen enjoyment and appreciation of others that he deserves attention. He has given ample evidence that he possesses no ordinary power for original effort in this most difficult department of literature. We do not know how many plays he has produced, but the following, all from his pen, have been performed at different periods, and in most instances with complete success:—Quite Correct—Eighth of January—The Disowned, or the Prodigals—The Deformed, or Woman's Trial—A Wife at a Venture—The Sentinels—William Penn—The Triumph at Plattsburg—Caius Marius—The Water Witch—Is She a

Brigand?—My Uncle's Wedding—The Daughter —The Actress of Padua.

Of late years, Mr. Smith has avowedly written for money, and he requires something more substantial than the blandishments of the Muses, to tempt him to put pen to paper. If Green Room anecdotes can be depended on, he is blessed with a much thicker skin than usually falls to the lot of the *genus irritabile vatum*. It is said that on one occasion he happened to enter the theatre during the first run of one of his pieces, just as the curtain was falling, and met with an old school-fellow, who had that day arrived in Philadelphia, after an absence of several years. The first salutation was scarcely over, when the curtain fell, and the author's friend innocently remarked, "Well, this is really the most insufferable trash that I have witnessed for some time." "True," replied S., "but as they give me a benefit to-morrow night as the author, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here again." At another time, a friend met him in the lobby, as the green curtain fell, like a funeral pall, on one of his progeny, and, unconscious of its paternity, asked the author, with a sneer, what the piece was all about. "Really," was the grave answer, "it is now

some years since I wrote that piece, and though I paid the utmost attention to the performance, I confess I am as much in the dark as you are."

As an evidence of his facility in composition, it may be mentioned that several of his pieces have been written and performed at a week's notice. The entire last act of William Penn was written on the afternoon of the day previous to its performance, yet this hasty production ran ten successive nights, drawing full houses, and has since been several times revived. His "Deformed" and "Disowned," —two dramas which may be compared favorably with any similar productions of this country—were both performed with success in London, an honor which, we believe, no other American dramatist has yet received. The tragedy of "Caius Marius," written for Edwin Forrest, and brought out by him at the Arch Street Theatre, possesses sterling merit. The plot is well imagined—the principal characters are well developed and sustained—the language is uniformly vigorous, and the sentiments are poetical and just. For more than three years Mr. S. has had in preparation another tragedy, commenced at the instance of his friend Forrest, and in view of his peculiar capabilities which, though for a long time

nearly finished, has never, we believe, been completed.*

In 1831 Mr. S. published a work in two volumes, called *The Forsaken*, the scene of which is laid in Philadelphia and the adjoining country, during our revolutionary struggle. Five years ago, American novels—with the exception of Cooper's—were not received with the same favor as now; but a large edition of the Forsaken was even then disposed of, and it obtained from all quarters strong commendation. In our judgment, it is a work highly creditable to the author. The story is interesting, and in its progress, fiction is blended with historical truth with considerable skill and force.

During the year 1836 Mr. S. published two volumes, entitled the "Actress of Padua, and other Tales," which have been eminently successful. We understand they were the means of increasing his literary profits, and we know they have extended his literary reputation. As a writer of short tales, he is natural and unaffected in manner; correct in description; concise in expression; and happy in the selection of incidents. He possesses, moreover

* The Venetian—in Five Acts, since finished.

a quiet humour, and an occasional sarcasm, which make his productions both pleasant and pungent.

Mr. S. has written much for the periodical literature of the day, both political and literary, and his poetical pieces, if collected, would make a large volume; but these appear to have been scattered abroad, without any purpose of reclamation. His name is attached to a limited number, which are distinguished by a healthy tone of thought, neatness of expression, and harmony of versification; but as, generally, they were produced for some particular occasion, they have—most of them at least—passed into oblivion with the occasions that called them into existence.

Mr. S. has been active as a politician, and as all politicians, no matter how pure the patriotism they possess, look to the "loaves and fishes," he was not unwilling to accept the situation of Clerk to the Incorporated District of the Northern Liberties. In this station he remained four years, and as might have been expected, discharged his duties with ability and dispatch, until he was himself discharged with corresponding dispatch, when his political opponents came once more into power. His mind is now engrossed with his professional pursuits, and

as he has always looked upon literature as being subsidary to graver concerns, it is problematical whether he will hereafter produce any laboured effort, though we know that highly advantageous offers have been made to induce him again to exercise his talents in the region of fiction.

In 1822 Mr. Smith married a daughter of Samuel Blodget, Esq. She died in 1833, leaving but one son, the collector of these works.

In 1836, Mr. Smith again married—and retired to the family seat at the Falls of Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, at which place he died, August 11th, 1854. His remains were interred at Laurel Hill, in the same grave with those of his grand-father, the Rev. Dr. William Smith—his father, and children.

POEMS.

THE MARINER'S TALE.

Scene. **A Flower Garden of a Mariner's Asylum.**
Characters. **An aged Sailor and a Visitor.**

Sailor. All things must move in circles as earth doth.
The orbs that make space gorgeous move in circles;
E'en space itself is one eternal circle;
For were it not, its end would sure be reached.
All drag a chain still moving round and round
Until we join the two ends of the chain:
Thus man completes his circle. No escape then.
Stranger. You spoke, sir, of a voyage.
Sailor. Oh! pardon me:
I had forgot—those circles set me wild.
Where left I off? 'Tis strange, the thread is broken.
Stranger. In the South Sea.

Sailor. O, true!—'mong fruitful isle
The jocund waters leaped when morn arose,
And fringed each billow's snow-white pinnacle
With golden tissue. Waves that wildly roared
Through night, like fiends contending for their prey,
Now smiled serenely as a lawn in spring
Spangled with herbage 'mid the wasting snow;
And as our gallant vessel glided on
The joyful waters, like some amorous dame,
Kissed the bright prow in very wantonness,
Regardless of the wound so rudely made
In the too pliant bosom.

Stranger. You liken well
The waters to a woman; beautiful
In the bright sunshine of prosperity!
But when the tempest rages, sea-tossed man
Oft finds a shoal there, where his bark may strand,
Expecting a safe haven.

Sailor. You are bitter:
But truth is not always sweet. All on board
Assembled on the deck to hail the sun
Weaving with gold God's heaving world of green;
While lowly murmuring the gladsome waves
Sang matins to their master. Voices full

As deep-toned organ's swell, and others shrill
As notes of linnets, mingled with the songs
The glad sea made in praising Him who made it.
Stranger. Let the great sea and all that therein is;
The earth—its fruit—and all that live thereby—
And all that live hereafter, praise his name.
Sailor. Amid our happy concourse there was seen
A father and his little family,
And the fair partner of his joys and griefs,
The mother of his children. While they gazed
Upon the wide expanse, their bosoms heaved
With admiration for His mighty works
Who rules the fearful sea. They thanked and trusted.
Stranger. All thank and trust, who know the God they trust in.
Sailor. Among them was a fair-haired rosy boy
Who hugged his father's knee; his little hands
Clasped in devotion to the unseen God,
In ignorance adoring; for his spirit,
Unstained of earth, was redolent of heaven,
And instinct with the praises he had learnt
From angel-lips in his celestial birth-place.

Stranger. Childhood's inheritance, which manhood squanders.

God gives us all, while we return but little,

Sailor. As the sun rose he sung a little hymn. The words were these. I think his father made it.

In the morning of existence,
Earth smiles, as Eden smiled on Adam;
With God and angels for companions,
Man—little lower than the angels—
Receives the truth as it was given
Once—face to face, and fresh from heaven.

In the noontide of existence,
With bathed brow and stalwart limb,
Man, singing, struggles for subsistence
For those in sin begot by him,
Rejoices in those human frailties
Which makes him imitate his God.

In the sunset of existence,
Alone, in thy Gethsemane,
Quaff the cup bravely and repine not—
For man, thy God is there with thee.
Meekly obey the mandate given,
It purifies thy soul for heaven.

Stranger. A strange thought that—childhood is Adam's Eden,
Where man beholds his Maker face to face;
The close of life is his Gethsemane,
Where he must quaff the chalice to the dregs,
Without a prayer to take it from his lips.
I've heard that hymn before.

Sailor. Why call it strange?
The cup is sweetened though it smack of bitter,
And the most bitter drops become the sweetest.
Gethsemane was nearer heaven with him
Who bathed with tears and blood the sacred soil,
Than fresh blown Paradise appears to have been
With angel visitants. Perchance they are
The self-same garden, typed by Spring and Autumn,
Seed-time and harvest! If that thought be true,
With bathed forelock and with steadfast soul
Gather the harvest of Gethsemane,
More precious than the flowers that smiled in Eden.
The task is thine—first husbandman, then reaper.

Stranger. Talk further of the boy who sung the hymn.

Sailor. That spotless child, the rudest of the crew
Loved, for his presence made us better men.

Stranger. True, all men who love children still grow better:
And the best men are children to the last,
At least in thought and feeling.
Sailor. There's the circle—
Extremes must meet, and we are hedged within them.
But to pursue our voyage—and the boy.
Day past away, and as the night came on
The full-orbed moon rolled in a cloudless sky,
And the high waters now lay hushed in sleep.
As gentle as the slumber of a child
Wearied with gambols through the live-long day.
The night-breeze from the orange-groves passed by,
Laden with odor. Heaven was chrisolite;
The sea a living mirror, in whose depths
The richly studded concave was reflected,
Making a perfect globe; and as the ship
Pursued her trackless flight, she seemed to be
Some spirit on errand supernatural,
So dark and silently she glided on
The babbling waves were scarcely audible.
Stranger. A pleasant sail which landsmen only dream of—
But never enjoy.

Sailor. All joy hath bitterness.
Stretched on the deck the sailor-boy reposed,
And lived in dreams his infant years again.
The seamen, 'mid the shrouds aloft reclining,
Told o'er their tales of wreck and lingering death,
And in the drowsy interval was heard
The rugged cadence of the helmsman's song.
"A pleasant sail!" But pleasure has strange wings,
She comes a zephyr and departs a whirlwind.

Stranger. Kisses the flower to blooming, then destroys.

Sailor. Sudden the helmsman's drowsy song was hushed.
A fearful cry arose—"The ship's on fire!"
The seamen from aloft sent back the cry;
The sailor-boy shook off his happy dream,
And woke to horror. All was wild dismay;
Half sleeping—half awake, the crew came forth;
Grim death, enveloped in his robes of flame,
Marched on and laughed. There was no human power
To put aside his footstep. On he moved
In awful majesty; whate'er he touched,
True to its origin, returned to dust,
And Nature's master-work, man's godlike frame,

Became as worthless as the spars and sails,
Each made its pile of ashes—nothing more.
Stranger. Ashes to ashes all, and dust to dust.
The self-same mandate both on earth and sea.
Sailor. The flames attained dominion. Tyrant-
like,
They ruled and raged. Upon the shrouds they
seized,
Kissing destruction—laughing as they kissed;
While the broad glare they spread upon the deep
Changed the sea's nature. Water soon became
A lake of living fire. "A pleasant sail!"
Stranger. You weep. Go on.
Sailor. O that I then had perished!
I seized the boy and leaped into the waves.
Upon a fallen spar we safely rode
Until the ship went down. "A pleasant sail!"
Her knell one shriek of mortal agony.
We had no heart to weep for their sad fate—
No heart to pray for one less terrible.
I gathered fragments from the floating wreck,
And made a raft, where two immortal souls
Struggled with time to check eternity
With frail appliance. For three days we suffered;

And then a passing ship preserved our lives
For greater suffering.

Stranger. The boy—his fate?

Sailor. His parents dead—the lad became my charge.

I then was married to a worthy woman—
God's kindest gift. We had an only child—
My wife brought up the children as if twins,
And at a proper age he sailed with me.
He grew to manhood—noble—cheerful—kind
As those who love the artless lips of children;
A very babe was he in his affections—
A very demon in his bitter passions.
The eagle and the dove oft make their nest—
The tiger and the ermin find a lair
In the same bosom.

Stranger. What became of him?

Sailor. My wife grew sick. He loved her as his mother;

He loved my daughter too. I sailed, and left him
To till my little ground and smooth their pathway.
After three years I came to port again.
Crossing my fields, which now poured forth their increase,

I saw a man resting upon his plough,
Singing right lustily.
Stranger. What did he sing?
Sailor. In the noontide of existence,
With swarthy brow and rugged limb,
Man bravely struggles for subsistence
For those in sin begot by him;
Rejoices in all frailties—sorrows,
They draw him nearer to his God.
Stranger. The hymn of early childhood still remembered.
Sailor. A bending in the chain to form the circle.
He led me to my home—and such a home!
It seemed as if the fairies had been there
Making their May-day—wife and daughter happy.
Then, from an arbor overgrown with flowers,
He placed a prattling child upon my knee,
And called him by my name. He laughed outright—
My daughter blushed. They now were man and wife.
I danced—then blubbered like a very child.
Tears are at times a truer sign of joy
Than smiles and laughter.
Stranger. 'Twas a boy you said?

Sailor. A boy—his bud of Paradise, he called him.
Such flowers, too, often yield most bitter fruit
In man's Gethsemane.

Stranger. Thank God! not always.

Sailor. We dwelt together for a few brief months.
He then proposed to try the sea again,
To place the beings whom we fondly loved
Beyond the cold calamities of earth.
Three years we sailed—we prospered, and returned
With means to make those happy whom we loved.
On wearied pinions, like the dove of peace
When land was found, he flew to seek the ark
Where our best feelings day and night reposed,
While struggling with the ocean. God! O God!
No ark was there—no resting-place for him!
Even Ararat was covered with the deluge.

Stranger. I understand you not.

Sailor. His wife was false.

Stranger. Impossible!

Sailor. But true. You tremble, sir.
Her father curst the memory of his child;
Her mother withered, and soon died heart-broken.
You seem disturbed.

Stranger. 'Tis past. What did your son?

Sailor. He slew the slimy reptile that crawled
over him;
Put his hard heel upon her glossy front,
Trampled her out in cold blood.
Stranger. God of heaven!
Sailor. And he did right.
Stranger. Your daughter!
Sailor. He did right.
She who betrays the honor of her husband,
Regardless of her parents, self and children,
Should cease to live, though all unfit to die.
Better to rot in earth, than crawl through life,
Offending all things with her foul pollution.
I love my God: knowledge increases love.
I ask forgiveness of him, as Christ prayed.
I am his child, and yet I curse my child.
Her sin hath made the best of prayers from my lips
An invocation of a lasting curse
On her old father's head—a mockery!
Forgive as I forgive—a lie to God!
Her sin hath robbed me of my prayer of child-
hood—
The prayer I gathered from my mother's lips—
The prayer that opens the celestial portals—
The prayer *He* taught when *He* appeared as mortal.

Stranger. His destiny.

Sailor. He fled and took his child;
But not as Cain fled with the brand upon him.
'T was sacrifice to virtue, and no murder.
When I arrived my Eden was Golgotha;
I found a corpse—my wife bereft of reason.
I buried one, attended to the other
For years until she died. The fruits of lust!
I went to sea again in search of strife—
The quiet of the land near drove me mad.
The ship I sailed in scoured the southern sea,
To quell the pirates. We o'ertook a rover.
A deadly strife ensued—'twas life or death;
Their chief and I by chance met sword to sword;
I knew him not, and strange, he knew not me.
O! grief outstrips the rapid wing of time
In marring youthful beauty! See this scar!
His cutlass gave it—but I mastered him.
Their chief subdued, the rover soon surrendered.

Stranger. His destiny?

Sailor. The yard-arm, and a halter.
I saw him pass away.

Stranger. And said he nothing?

Sailor. Naught to the crowd—but I remember this:

In the sunset of existence,
Alone in my Gethsemane,
I quaff the cup without repining,
For God, I feel thou'rt still with me.
Meekly obey the mandate given
That purifies the soul for heaven.

Stranger. His cradle-hymn still chanted to the grave.

Sailor. The circle, sir—the end and the beginning—
The two ends of the chain are linked together.

Stranger. You said he had a boy.

Sailor. I said not so.
There was a boy whom I have searched for since;
But, like the shadows of all earthly hope,
He hath eluded me.

Stranger. I am that boy.

Sailor. Thou!—thou that boy! The wheel is still in motion!

Stranger. I stood beside the gallows when he died.

Sailor. His bird of Paradise! A cherub then!
I've seen you often sleeping among roses,
And he; a guardian angel, smiling o'er you.

You have not slept on roses often since,
But wept beneath your father's gallows-tree.
And my blind deeds have shaped your destiny.
I brought your father to a shameful death,
Which your young eyes beheld. And I've made known
A thing, perhaps unknown to you before—
Your mother's infamy. Alas! poor boy!
What an inheritance have we bequeathed you!
Stranger. You did your duty, sir.
Sailor. Ay, there's the question.
Can duty lead man's footsteps to God's throne,
Making life death, the glad earth Tartarus?
I snatched a fellow-being, winged for heaven,
With God's own impress on him still unblurred,
Who, but for me, would have flown chanting there
Anthems to angels. But with ruffian hands
I checked his flight, and stayed him for perdition.
Would that the ocean had received the child!
Would that I had let him perish in the flames!
Would that his wound had marked me for the grave,
Ere I had saved him for an after life
Of sin and sorrow, though impelled by—duty.

Stranger. Why do you pluck those gorgeous
poppy-flowers,
And cast them in the walk?
Sailor. They now are harmless;
Suffered to ripen, they are poisonous.
Let them die blooming, while they are innoxious.
Would he had perished as these simple flowers,
Ere his bloom faded, yielding deadly seed.
Stranger. I've sought you, sir, to solace your old
age.
Sailor. God bless my child! We're in the circle
still.
Good begets evil often—evil good.
The grandsire and the grandson close the chain—
Alone—forlorn! Yet both have done their duty.
The world goes round and round, 'till hidden things
Stalk forth as spectres from the rotten grave.
All, all is plain! These circles drive me mad!

CHANGES.

Here's pansies for thoughts.

OPHELIA.

All things on earth are subject to a change.
Where firm-based mountains once upreared their heads,
Snow-capped amidst the clouds, now valleys smile.
And shepherds pipe to flocks in flowery meads.
Rivers forsake their channels and become
As rippling brooks, that with a tiny voice
Babble of former greatness. Mighty seas,
Where navies battled and the strong whale dwelt,
Now wash the axle of the globe we tread,
Ne'er to be seen by mortal eye again.
Nations, that in their pride and magnitude
Threatened to burst the confines of this globe,
Have passed away, and scarcely left behind
A record of their names. The giant Rome
Has dwindled to a pigmy. Macedon
Is, as it were, a village among nations;

Of Carthage scarce a single stone remains
To designate her grave; and Egypt now,
Though once the sun that hurled back rays to
Heaven,
Is in Egyptian darkness.—

All things change!
Say, where is now the race of Pericles,
The Ptolemies and Cæsars? Look among
The refuse of mankind, you'll find them there,
Unmindful of their name, and what they are
To us, the men we magnify will be
To after ages.—

Naught is lasting here!
Wealth taketh wings and fleeth as a bird,
While penury usurps her empty temple.
Friendship gives place to hate, and love to scorn;
Pride is o'ertoppled by humility;
Courage forsakes the strong man's heart to fear,
And avarice—that yellow devotee
Who would far rather starve for lack of bread
Than take one glory from the golden god
His own hands fashioned—plays the prodigal.
Our rooted passions have not nerve to stay.

E'en Time, who changes all things in his turn,
Wearied, must drop his scythe and crush his glass,
And in his second childhood sink to sleep,
And rise regenerate—Eternity.

And what is man for man to magnify,
Though made but little lower than the angels,
And crowned with glory and with loving kindness!
The dust we tread on was perchance a flower;
The ox consumed it, and that shrub became
His flesh and blood; then man consumed the ox,
And made the creature human, of that flesh
That rises in God's image on that day,
When spectral myriads of forgotten nations
Stalk from the earth and deep to meet their doom,
And in celestial armor feel a dread
That human weakness knew not.—We are told
All things were made for his use; he consumes
Fish, flesh and fowl, and various fruits of earth
Combine to form and mingle in his frame,
Making themselves immortal by the change,
And subject to immortal punishment.
Better remain the fruit, the fish, the fowl
Than live as human, and to rise immortal
As some must rise!—

O! strange metemsychosis!
Lo! man returns to mother earth again,
And from his dust new shrubs and beasts are fed,
Who in like manner are by man consumed,
Through countless generations, making thus
Even the grave prolific, till earth's surface,
By transmutation has at last become
The human family and not its grave;
Flesh of our flesh and bone of human bone,
That, Saturn-like, devours her own creation
To feed an after progeny, and fatten
On the stark limbs and heart's blood of her children.
There's naught on earth wherein we find no change—
Save empty pockets!

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

When the morning sun is breaking
In a pure and cloudless sky,
And the sleeping world is waking
With a burst of melody;
Then we leave our humble dwelling,
Put our little bark to sea,
And though angry waves be swelling,
Still we sing, O merrily,
Merrily, O merrily.

When the storm is madly roaring,
And death walks upon the wave,
Then we think of friends deploring
Lest we find a watery grave!
Think then of our lowly dwelling,
While the winds pipe drearily,
Like wild dirges o'er us swelling,
Still we sing O, merrily.
Merrily, O Merrily.

But our toils and dangers over,
Then the faggots brightly burn;
Soon the festive board they cover,
And to welcome our return,
See the good wife blandly smiling
With the child on either knee,
And the bowl our cares beguiling,
Then we sing, O merrily,
Merrily, O merrily.

BORNOUESE WAR SONG.

Thou God of our prophet! whose strength we all
own,
Whose smile is all sunshine, but tempest his frown;
Look forth on the fight, make our spears like thy
flame,
To scathe where they strike, and to strike in thy
name.

Make the battle to us like the gay wedding feast,
And the neigh of our steeds like thy bolt in the east,
To the ears of the Kerdies: let us the fight wage
With the strength of the elephant—buffaloe's rage.

Make us rush upon danger with death in full view,
For glory is sweeter than honey when new;
And the faithful who fight for their prophet and
creed,
Shall never expire, though in battle they bleed.

And now for Mandara! the battle of spears,
The thunder of strife and the blood-stream of tears!
Wherever we strike, may wild terror prevail.
And the might of our strength make the Kerdies
bewail.

Our spears now shine forth like the red lightning
fire,
To shed the foul blood of the foes who conspire
To scoff at our prophet, his sheik and his laws—
The all-seeing eye that looks down on our cause.

Stronger than rocks, than the lion more fierce,
Our forest of spears shall the enemy pierce,
For who can the rage of the Bornouese restrain?
The flame of his fixed eye what foeman sustain?

Till prostrate on earth, they our mercy implore.
Acknowledge our prophet, and vow to adore,
Spear them, nor cease till the sun sees their bones,
And hyaenas feast in the midst of their groans.

The timbrels and zemtoos now bid us prepare,
The yerma is floating too, proudly in air;
Then onward, believers, then onward! away!
The sword of the prophet must conquer to-day.

THE PLAGUE OF TRIPOLI.

'Tis midnight, and the full orb'd moon,
A globe of fire, seems motionless;
Yon dark cloud will not pass it soon,
But hangs in token of distress,
For not a breath of air can stir
To move the tender gossamer.

Deserted is each busy street;
The gorgeous halls dismantled now;
Each object that the eye doth meet
Is tott'ring 'neath disease and woe.
The palaces and lofty towers,
Feel conscious that their pride is gone;
The maiden's green and rosy bowers,
Are withering unseen, unknown,
Or now are sought by her alone
Who there had passed her blissful hours,

With him whom most on earth she loved,
That she may bless her life's decay,
And calmly breathe her soul away,
Where all her earthly bliss she proved.

But ah! that pale one tottering there!
Thy fate is not in bowers of roses!
Hark, to her vain and dying prayer,
Whilst on the pavement she reposes;
"A little water, Alla, give,
And then my trembling soul receive;
One drop to cool my burning breast;
T' assuage my dying agony;
One drop, one drop would give me rest;
I knew not half the pain to die!
I left my couch to cool the flame
That parches all my feeble frame,
But not one grateful breeze returns,
And e'en the flinty pavement burns!—
My child, my child, why art thou here?
Hence to our home of wildest woe;
Leave me, or thou my fate must share;—
'Tis death to kiss thy mother now;
The big drops standing on my brow

Soon to the grave will press me;
My feeble pulse is ebbing low;
Bless thee, child, bless thee!
Leave me, my child, to die alone;
Leave me, it is my latest prayer;
Touch not my corse when I am gone,
Or thou thy mother's fate must share."
Hush'd is the sigh! the plaintive moan,
No struggle now, the spirit's flown.

Around her neck the infant clings,
Deeming his tender mother sleeps;
"Wake, mother, wake," he fondly sings,
Then closer to her bosom creeps.
He seeks the lips that oft carest
With tenderest love her infant joy,
And little dreams the lips that blest
Him o'er and o'er, will now destroy.
"Wake, mother, wake," he fondly cries,
Then softly steals in sport away;
He kisses now her rayless eyes;
Now pats her cheek in infant play—
The livid cheek of gelid clay.
"Wake, mother, wake," or I will leave thee,
Fast sleeping here,

But that I know 'twould sadly grieve thee,
When I'm not near.
Forgive me, mother, do not weep,
And have I then disturb'd thy rest?—
Sleep on, dear mother, calmly sleep,
And I will fan thy breast."
Beside the spotted corse he kneels
And waves his hand to stir the air;
Now from her lips a kiss he steals,
Then glides away with care,
Lest he her endless sleep should break,
And smiles to see she does not wake.

The grey morn glimmers in the east,
And still he fans the clay cold breast;
But he has watched so long her waking
He dreads that sleep will know no breaking,
Since e'en the startling cry he hears,
Disturb her not; excites no fears.

"Bring forth your dead, the pitman comes,
To furnish the houseless with endless homes.
When the tenant is dust and blown away,
And the hands and the tools that build, decay,
This still must last
In spite of the blast,

Or the tooth of Time that all corrodes,
Or the shock that crumbles mortal abode."

He passes the street where the corse is lying,
Which he heaves in the cart 'mid the dead and
the dying;
His course resumes towards the spot,
Where the lord and the pauper together must
rot;
The proud, the meek, the great, the small,
The Christian, Jew, the Pagan and all.
And that little child crawls after the cart,
With fainting limbs and with sobbing heart,
While still arise, 'mid the pitman's cries
His plaintive wail, unmark'd by the other,
"My mother, oh! my mother."

"Bring forth your dead," the cry resumes,
And sounds through the streets like a voice from
the tombs,
"Heed not the fondest ties of the heart;
The bridegroom from the bride must part;
The mother her infant child must yield,
And tottering age his staff and shield,
The miser, his gold and jewels now;
A spot of death is on his brow.

But silence your anguish and cease to complain
For those who are severed, shall soon meet again,
The plague poison's now every breath of the air,
And the grave shall be wide enough, and to spare."

Faint on the pavement the babe is lying;
The pitman hears him feebly crying;
Without checking his horse
In his measured course,
He hurls the poor thing 'mid the dead and the dying,
And his feeble voice is drown'd,
In the wild discordant sound,
Of rattling wheels and the horse's tread,
And the fearful cry, "bring forth your dead."

He's now at the grave where the wicked and just,
In the wildest confusion must mingle their dust;
But each atom is known,
By the Omniscient One,
In whom now repose both their fear and their trust.
The pitman covers the mortal clay
And to-morrow himself may be as they.

FROM AMALTHÆUS.

THERE were three distinguished Latin poets of Italy of this name, whose compositions were printed at Amsterdam in 1685. The following epigram was occasioned by the affliction of two children of remarkable beauty, though each had lost an eye.

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro;
Et poterat forma vincere uterque deos.
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori,
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

TRANSLATION.

Of his right eye young Acon was bereft;
His sister Leonilla lost the left;
Still each in form can rival with the gods,
And, though both Cyclops, beat them by all odds.
Spare her, my boy, your blinker, be not stupid,
She then will be a Venus, you a Cupid.

THE COTTAGE LOVERS.

The mist of the morn is still gray on the mountain;
The heather bell blooms on the brink of the fountain;
Soft murmurs the stream from the mossy rock gushing,
But wildly and loud through the dark ravine rushing.

The heath-cock is springing elate from his nest;
The pale morn is sinking in calmness to rest;
The first streak of light is seen over the ocean;
The chorister's songs put the dull air in motion.

The horn of the huntsman sounds far o'er the hill;
The voice of the fleet hound is frequent and shrill;
While panting the chased stag appears at the lake;
He swims the dark stream and then bounds through the brake.

How sweet is the woodbine o'er yon lattice creeping,
Which blushingly steals where the maiden is sleeping,
How softly the breeze sounds that kisses the billow;
But softer by far is the sigh on yon pillow!

The dash of the light oar is heard on the lake;
The soft voice of love sings, "Awake, oh awake,
The first streak of morning is gray on the hill;
The voice of the barn-cock is frequent and shrill.

"Then come, dearest come, where thy soul may be free,
As the pure breeze that waft's o'er the marginless sea;
We'll sport on life's stream as we gently pass o'er it,
And feel not the breeze as we're gliding before it."

The light form of one at the lattice is seen,
And ruby lips glow through the foliage of green,
Like a bud of the vine the fresh breezes perfuming,
Ere the breath of the morning has kissed it to blooming.

"Oh come, dearest, come, to the cot of thy lover,
Where souls may be free as the wings of the plover,
And hearts be as pure as the vestal maid's shrine,
And the day-star of true love shall never decline."

The maiden now stands on the brink of the stream,
And looks upon life as a fairy-like dream;
For she hies to the spot where her soul may be blest,
With a passion as mild as the dove in its nest.

On the stern of the skiff she is seated in haste;
Her lover beside her, with arm round her waist;
He presses her lips as they float from the shore,
And they mingle their songs with the dash of the oar.

With spirits as wild as the fawn at the fountain,
They glide o'er the lake and then stroll up the mountain,
Where the day-star of true love in beauty is shining,
And burns still more brightly as life is declining.

KISKAUKO.*

He wrong'd me, and when I forget
A kindness render'd, insult given,
May my last sun in darkness set,
And he who rules the white man's heaven!
Blot out my name, until I know.
Fully to pay both friend and foe.

The tide of time had cooled my blood;
My hairs became both few and gray;
And cheerful as the babbling flood
I hoped life's stream might pass away
But serpent-like he crossed my path,
And hissed to madness gray-hair'd wrath.

* The subject of the foregoing verses was a respectable Indian Chief, who, for some private and long-endured wrong, wreaked his vengeance in the manner stated, upon one of his tribe. This occurred twenty years ago, near Detroit. The murderer was arrested for the crime, convicted, and executed.

He fancied that the old chief's ire,
Could be extinguish'd by his breath;
He saw pale ashes dim the fire,
And little thought hell burnt beneath.
In strife for life shall youth control?
No!—strength's not sinew, but the soul.

We met, 'twas on a mountain's brow,
That beetled o'er a turbid flood;
"Time once was yours," I cried, "but now
We tread a narrow path of blood."
He laugh'd, for in a deadly strife,
Age hath poor chance with youth for life.

His throat my fingers clasped;
'Twas soul to soul and eye to eye;
He quail'd; for thickening breath he gasped
While ravens croaked his destiny—
The strife was brief; I sneer'd and smiled.
Then hurled him from me as a child.

"Roll on," I cried, "thou carrion slave!"
His death song was the raven's scream;
From cliff to rock he sought a grave,
And found it in the turbid stream,
Where now he floats with sluggish motion,
Ghastly and bloated through Time's ocean.

And I before the pale face stand,
To meet the fate his laws decree;—
Milder the red-man's scourge and brand
Than death on Christian cross or tree;
Tortur'd by laws too blind to know,
Maneto asks but blow for blow.

Some deeds call'd crimes by erring man,
Are glorious in the eye of God;
Fiends oft seem angels in his plan,
While angels animate a clod;
To prove his justice cannot be,
Time born but of Eternity.

HOPE.

Hope in the young heart springeth,
As flowers in the infant year:
Hope in the young heart singeth,
As birds when the flowers appear.

Hope in the old heart dieth,
As wither those early flowers:
Hope from the old heart flieth,
As the birds from wintry bowers.

But spring will revive the flower:
And the birds return to sing;
And death will renew Hope's power
In the old heart withering.

PROLOGUE TO ORALLOOSA.*

To wake the mould'ring ashes of the dead,
And o'er forgotten ages light to shed,
Until the picture in such colors glows,
That Place approaches,—Time his power foregoes:
T' anatomise the pulses of the soul,
From gentlest throb to throes beyond control:
The varied passions from their germ to trace,
Till Reason totters from her judgment place;
To call the latent seeds of virtue forth,
And urge the mind to deeds of lasting worth.
For this the Stage in ancient days arose;
In teaching this she triumphed o'er her foes,
And soon became, in spite of bigot rule,
A nation's glory, and a nation's school.
Too long we've been accustom'd to regard
Alone the dogmas of some foreign bard;

* Dr. Bird's Tragedy.

Too long imagined, 'neath our shifting skies,
" That Fancy sickens, and that Genius dies."
Dreaming, when Freedom left old Europe's shore,
Spread the strong wing new regions to explore,
Her altar in the wilderness to raise,
Where all might bend and safely chaunt her praise,
The gifted nine refused to join her train,
And still amidst their ruined haunts remain.—
Banish the thought; extend the fostering hand,
And wild-eye'd Genius soars at your command;
With " native wood-notes wild" our hills shall swell
Till all confess the muses with us dwell.
  Our bard, to-night, a bold adventurer grown,
A flight has taken to the torrid zone;—
Calls from the grave the ruthless Spaniard's dust,
To meet the judgment of the free and just,
Shows, in the progress of his mournful song.
The Indian's vengeance and the Indian's wrong:
How bigots, with the cross, and sword in hand,
Unpeopled and laid waste the peaceful land,
Then scourg'd the conquered with an iron rod
And stabb'd for gold with seeming zeal for God.
  Critics! a word!—we pray be not too hard
On native actor or on native bard.

A second time th' offenders stand before you,
Therefore for mercy humbly we implore you.
When last arraigned the cause was ably tried,
For GLADIATORS battled on their side:
Took you by storm:—ere you knew what to say
The valiant rogues had fairly won the day.
Should ORALLOOSA prove a victor too,
His triumph here repays for lost Peru.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

We are all pilgrims here. From clime to clime
We're doom'd to wander through the realms of time;
Some with light hearts—others their journey trace,
Like Noah's dove, without a resting place:
No olive branch appears above the wave;
No sign of peace until they reach the grave.

We are all pilgrims here. We journey on,
Hoping the ideal meed may yet be won,
Day after day, scene after scene flits by,
And scarcely leaves a trace on memory!
Still, though the promise of the present day,
Like morning mists, should quickly pass away,
We trust the morrow may our hopes fulfil,
And hug the phantom confidently still.

* Spoken by Mrs. Sloman, at her farewell benefit at the Chestnut Street Theatre.

Thrice bless'd are they, who in their progress find
One joyous scene to captivate the mind;
Stamp, on the mem'ry in such bold relief
As bids defiance to all future grief;
A spot of green that in the waste of years,
Will freshly bloom, though watered by our tears.

That boon is mine—for ne'er shall I forget
The kind reception that I here have met.
Time may roll on, and space may intervene,
But nought can cloud the mem'ry of that scene.

I came a stranger from a distant shore,
Left kindred, friends, new regions to explore;
I sought the country that gave birth to one,
Whose name still stands, and ever must—alone!
Where freedom moves in beauty, unconfined;
The exile's home; the nation of mankind!
Where all the stranger's welcome did extend,
Until the welcome made the stranger—friend.

Land of the brave and free, though now we part,
I bear those sacred feelings in my heart,
That when between us rolls the expansive sea,
"My mind untravell'd still will turn to thee;"

The happy hours I've past, again live o'er,
And friends far distant, to my soul restore;
Still scan with rapture life's most flattering page,
Until death's curtain falls upon the stage.

A HEALTH TO MY BROTHER.

Fill the bowl to the brim, there's no use in complaining;
We'll drown the dark dream, while a care is remaining;
And though the sad tear may embitter the wine,
Drink half, never fear, the remainder is mine.

True, others may drink in the lightness of soul,
But the pleasure I think is the tear in the bowl;
Then fill up the bowl with the roseate wine,
And the tears of my soul shall there mingle with thine.

And that being done, we will quaff it, my brother;
Who drinks of the one should partake of the other.
Thy head is now gray, and I follow with pain,—
Pshaw! think of our day, and we're children again.

'Tis folly to grieve that our life's early vision
Shone but to deceive, and then flit in derision.
A fairy-like show, far too fragile to last;
As bright as the rainbow and fading as fast.

'Tis folly to mourn that our hearts' foolish kindness,
Receive in return but deceit for their blindness;
And vain to regret that false friends have all flown;
Since fortune hath set, we can buffet alone.

Then fill up the glass, there's no use in repining
That friends quickly leave us, when fortune's declining—
Let each drop a tear in the roseate bowl;
A tear that's sincere, and then pledge to the soul.

ANSWER TO "A HEALTH TO MY BROTHER."

BY WM. R. SMITH, OF WISCONSIN.

Yes, brother, quaff the gen'rous bowl,
Though tears have mingled with the wine;
Our pledge—let each congenial soul
Respond—"Thy joys, thy griefs, are mine!"

Our sun of youth rose brightly gleaming,
And promised flowers in every path;
How soon, aroused from blissful dreaming,
We struggled with the whirlwind's wrath;

Now, in the world alone, my brother,
Two scions of one parent tree,
Soon shall the earth, our common mother,
Reclaim her own, and set us free!

Religion teaches souls immortal
To bear submissive worldly pain;
For, soaring up to heaven's portal,
The pure in bliss shall live again.

Then let us bear our griefs awhile—
No cause exists to shed a tear,
When we look backward with a smile,
And forward gaze without a fear.

PROLOGUE TO THE "RED ROVER."

Spoken by Mr. Wemyss and Mr. S. Chapman.
Enter the Manager, followed by the Call-Boy.

Manager. Another author! what is this you say.
Another author, with another play—
Who vows with all the vehemence of rage,
That I *must forthwith* bring it on the stage:
The fellow's mad—stark mad—to brave the town.
And *vi et armis*, force his rubbish down;
But show him in—(exit boy:) they shall not make me fear
Tho' authors now like Banquo's race, appear
A moment, and then vanish.
(Enter Author.)—Sir, your most—
A virgin author, to give up the ghost.

Author. You're wrong, my friend, my drama;—
(offers MS.)

Manager. Let me see!

Author. We'll charm the town, and fill your treasury.

Manager. A modest youth—the town—I understand;
But genius-like, you write a d——d cramp'd hand,
Which I cannot decypher;—Sir, no doubt
You can explain what this is all about.
Author. The title will explain—there—there, turn over;
One leaf speaks volumes.
Manager. (Reading.)—"The Red Rover."
A cunning rogue, the critics to confound,
Here builds his fabric on another's ground;
But let us hear what arguments you bring,
By way of recommending this strange thing.
Author. Our scenes are drawn from Cooper's graphic page,
Sufficient passport, surely, to the stage.
Sublime his taste—in beauty e'en profuse;
Yet yielding little to the Drama's muse.
For these descriptions, which with nature vie,
The painter's brush but feebly can supply;
Yet much depends upon the painter's art;
And how—the plane—and saw—perform their part.
So critics who uphold the stagyrite,
May close their ears, and shut their eyes to-night.
Manager. Zounds! how is this?

Author. Be patient, you shall see.
A scene to tickle the catastrophe:
"One," as Bays say, "shall set the audience mad
And pit, and box, and gallery it, egad,
With anything extant."
Manager. (Surprised.)—You mean to say,
With hammer, paint, and boards, you wrote this play.
Author. Precisely so.
Manager. And should it chance to hit,
Of course you'll lay a claim to taste and wit.
Author. You're right again.
Manager. Modest—but if it fails—
Author. Well! damn the carpenter, the boards and nails.
But that's impossible—impossible.
Manager. Indeed!
Author. My dukedom to a dernier, 'twill succeed.
A showy drama from a native tale,
In this fair city, ne'er was known to fail.
Manager. We'll try that point.
Author. Perhaps 'twill be the rage:
The "Rover"—what! already on the stage—
This looks like expedition, cries that hero,
While sauntering in the lobby, to and fro

A wish to please the town; egad! that's right—
A native play—I'll take a box to-night.
Manager. To please the town has been, I here declare,
My proudest study, and my hourly care;
And when I prove imperfect in the part,
The fault lies here; (touching his head,) but comes not near the heart
The wish to please, at least all must allow:
The "*Rover*," shall be done—so make your bow.
Exeunt together.

LINES TO A FAVOURITE ACTRESS.*

That thou art fair and lovely the coldest heart must feel,
And the arrows that thy dark eyes shoot would pierce a heart of steel;
Thy lips will match the coral, and thy teeth with pearls may vie.
Thy locks are of the raven's hue, thy step is majesty.

Thy every look and action is fraught with matchless grace,
And those who once have seen thee, can thy image ne'er efface;
But what avails, thou fair one, the arrows of thine eyes?
They're quick to shoot, but cannot reach time's strong wings as he flies.

* Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

Thy cheek where health now revels, and the lips
where roses grow.
O! soon will fade, in the dust be laid, and grass
from out them grow.
And she whose grace and beauty made the coldest
bosom burn,
As a brilliant ray must pass away and dust to dust
return.

But what wise mortal can foretell the fate of his
remains,
A crock may from his bones be formed, and brick-
bats of his brains;
And in some future age, perhaps, a potter may
discover,
The porcelain clay of her who fixed the heart of
many a rover.

And from the syren of the stage may make a tea-
pot fine,
If that's thy fate, I trust he'll make a water-pot of
mine,
That I may meet my lovely friend upon a silver
tray,
And still enjoy the presence of the *Jordan* of the
day.

SONG OF MORTALITY.

Overture, full orchestra.

Sing, sing, and dance it merrily—
Why drag our chains so wearily!

1st vocie—Young Debauchery.

The hectic spot upon my cheek,
My wasted frame, my shortened breath;
My voice subdued, my spirit meek
Proclaim the near approach of death.

2nd Voice—Truth.

These mortal vestments, soiled and torn
You'll lay aside as over worn;
And ne'er again shall you resume—
Such gear as useless in the tomb.

Chorus.

Sing, sing, and dance it merrily—
Why drag your chains so wearily!

3rd Voice—Old Decrepitude.

Though slowly moving, swiftly going;
(Like snow in spring dissolving fast,)
To where no fiery sun is glowing,
Where I shall fear no wintry blast.

2nd Voice—Truth.

Where all the heavy laden rest;
Without oppressor, or oppressed—
Where truth and justice ever flowing.—

3rd Voice—Old Decrepitude.

I feel I'm going.—

2nd Voice.

You are going.

Chorus.

Sing, sing, and dance it merrily—
Why drag your chain so wearily!

4th Voice—Sanctified Hypocrisy.

Though I brought nothing in this world,
My anxious spirit hopes to see
When its last pinions are unfurled,
Time's death beget eternity.

2nd Voice—Truth.

Did you bring nothing—have you grown
From earth, where seed was never sown?
Yet hope to take—though blurred, indeed,
A record for your God to read?

Chorus.

Sing, sing, and dance it cheerily—
Why drag your chain so wearily!

5th Voice—Human Nature.

Nay ye brought all—to man was given
The greatest gift—The power to be—
Enjoy, prepare a soul for heaven,
And stand before Immensity.

2nd Voice—Truth.

And is this nothing? a mere clod,
Endued with attributes of God,
By him approved and stamped as gōod?

All the voices.

All nothing " says Ingratitude.

Chorus.

Sing, sing, and dance it merrily—
Why drag your chains so wearily!

FROM CATULLUS.

LESBIA'S SPARROW

"*Lugite, Oh! Veneres Cupidenesque.*"

Ye Cupids droop your heads and mourn,
My Lesbia's favorite sparrow's gone,
  Which she did prize,
  More than her eyes.
He was so fond and faithful too,
  Whene'er a pang touch'd Lesbia's breast,
  He'd nestle in the place distrest,
As if he were in love with woe.

But when a smile her face o'erspread,
With joy he'd raise his drooping head,
  Then plume his wing,
  And chirp and sing,
His heart brim full of song and play!
  Then fondly bite her coral lip,
  All twittering now the nectar sip,
And then in frolic wing away.

Upon her finger he would stand,
And eat his meal from her fair hand,
  His feathers sleek,
  And wipe his beak;—
Her laughing eyes with joy would glisten,
  When speaking in a playful mood
  He'd chirp as if he understood,
And archly turned his head to listen.

Oh, death! curst be thy craving jaws,
That never yield to Pity's laws,
  For kindred dear
  Or friends sincere;
But thou a shaft for all art steeping;
  Even this sparrow thou hast ta'en,
  For whose sad fate I now complain,
And Lesbia's eyes are red with weeping.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

My boyhood, my boyhood! has long since passed
away,
And like the flowers of spring its hours have faded
in decay,
And time, with all his promises, hath yielded scarce
a joy
That can repay those swept away from me whilst
yet a boy.

The world lay fresh before me and like a summer
bird,
On eager wing I rose to sing where melody was
heard.
The heavens were calm, the air was balm, the earth
was gemm'd with flowers;
And shouts of joy without alloy brought on the
winged hours.

But now I mourn my infancy, as I my babes deplore,
Who like bright visions flitted by and then were seen no more.
But when as they I passed away, O! not a tear was shed,
Although my boyhood is a thing now number'd with the dead.

All radiant in their innocence my babes again shall live;
But the bright boy that time destroy'd no power can bid revive,
And of the beings manifold that breath'd and moved in me,
An old man broken down with care is all that God will see.

My boyhood—my manhood! have vanish'd like the wind,
Or eager birds that clip the air and leave no trace behind,
They lived—they died—both suicide, and are forever gone,
Or at the judgment I appear a myriad in one.

FISHING SONG.*

Come, pull, boys, pull, and row, boys, row,
We all are fishermen here below.
Some fish on land, and some on sea,
And some where fish could never be.
Some bob for whale and some for sprats,
While others catch but water rats.
No matter where our boats we row,
We find all fishing here below.

The statesman who protests that he
Would die for us and liberty:
The swain who swears in spite of time,
The wealthy widow's in her prime:
The demagogue who makes a fuss,—
Are fishing all to gudgeon us.
Then pull, boys, pull, and row, boys, row,
We all are fishing here below.

* Written for the Centennial Celebration of the Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill, May 1, 1832.

The lawyer casts the wily net,
The parson, too, some lines has set.
The damsel, timid as the deer,
The widow with the roguish leer,
Though modest as the wife of Lot,
Are fishing both for—you know what.
Then pull, boys, pull, and row, boys, row,
We all are fishing here below.

Yes, e'en *below* extends the plan,
Old Nick himself 's a fisherman.
And few like him can bait a hook—
The best, sometimes, have "fisher's luck?"
But rain or shine, what e'er befall,
He never gets a water haul.
Then pull, boys, pull, and row, boys, row,
We all are fishing here below.

ODE.

Read at the celebration of Penn's Landing, 24th October, 1829.

LET poets sing the Victor's praise,
And Time, until his latest days,
The echo of the strain prolong;
Let Fame the bloody page record;
The human sacrifice applaud,
"And nations deify the sword,"
Far other thoughts demand my song.

O! what was he of Zama's plain,
Or they who piled the countless slain
At Marathon—Thermopylæ!
To him for whom our strains ascend,
Who taught the savage knee to bend
Who made the savage foe his friend,
And gain'd a bloodless victory.

The Victor's laurel wreath must fade;
The sceptre in the dust be laid;
  The proudest works of man consume.
Obedient to the voice of God,
Together in their last abode,
The beggar and the prince corrode—
  Virtue alone defies the tomb.

Then sing *his* praise whose copious plan,
Confess'd the work of God in man,
  And from THE BOOK his precepts drew;
At whose approach the forest smil'd;—
A brother found in nature's child
His brother's breast of fear beguil'd,
  'Till strong the bond of friendship grew.

Let others sing the warrior's deed,
Who lives to make a nation bleed,
  Then meteor-like from earth depart;
My humble muse I consecrate
To him who raised—not crush'd a state:
Whose victories were countless—great!—
  For lo! he conquer'd ev'ry heart.

Then never be *his* name forgot
And verdant be that hallow'd spot,
  Beneath the ancient Elm tree's shade,
Where erst the lesson was imbib'd
Of faith unbroken—virtue tried;
And now upon the stone inscrib'd,
  Rever'd and classic ground has made.

LATIN POEM.

Vitæ Humanæ Tempora.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Mane veni; erat Ver,
  Atque risi.
Meridiano tempore,
  Perdeambulavi,
Erat Æstas;
  Atque gavisus Sum.
Consedi Vesperi;
  Erat Autumnus;
Atque tristitiâ affectus Sum.
Nocte quieti me dedi;
Erat Hyems; atque dormivi.

SEASONS OF LIFE.

A Paraphrase of Wm. Alexander's Latin Poem.

I came in Morning; it was Spring,
And I smiled.
At Mid-day, I, on eager wing,
Rambled o'er the green to sing,
As bird or child.
It now was Summer, fruitful, bland,
My Soul and Joy walked hand in hand
O'er flowery fields in merry glee;
I smiled at Joy, he laughed at me.
Shades of eve came slowly on,
'Twas Autumn now;
My joys had vanished one by one,
Grief pressed my brow.
Although my breast was sore distrest,
Soon night approached to give me rest;
'Twas Winter now, all nature wept;
I shed no tear, but calmly slept.

FRAGMENT.*

Art thou a husband?—hast thou lost
  The partner of thy joys—thy woes;
Didst watch her when in anguish tost,
  And share the dire conflicting throes
Of agonized mortality,
  Till e'en to thee 'twas bliss to close
The last fond look of her glazed eye?

Art thou a father?—hath thy son,
  The prop of thy declining life,
Fail'd ere his manly race was run,
  And left thee to a world of strife?

* From a poem entitled Francesca, written before the author was aware that Leigh Hunt had pre-occupied the subject. This circumstance induced him to withhold it from publication.

Dost thou pursue in cold neglect
  The remnant of thy journey here;
No one thy frailties to protect,
  Or gray-hair'd sorrows to revere?
Is it denied thy stricken heart
  To gaze upon the face of one,
Who seem'd thy former counter part,
  Recalling ages long since gone?
To see the follies that were thine
  When life ran frolic through each vein;
And thus, e'en in thy life's decline
  To live the hours of youth again.

Art thou a lover?—is the theme
  Of all thy raptures torn from thee?
Hast broke the wild ecstatic dream
  And woke to actual agony?
The eyes where countless cupids play'd;
  The form as light as gossamer;
The neck where thy warm lips have stray'd—
  Say, does the grave-worm fatten there?

If so, say, hast thou never known
  The joy of gazing on the sky
While nature sleeps, and you alone
  Seem roused to thought and misery.

Hast never watch'd the pallid moon,
  While rested on some sifted cloud,
Pure as the fretful ocean's foam,
  And filthy as an angel's shroud.
Gazed on her while her cresent pride
  Seem'd through a sea of pitch to float;
Then from the depth of darkness glide,
  And burst to view a fairy boat;
And shed her beams so strong and bright,
  That the globe seemed a crysolite?
'Tis heavenly at that hour to muse,
  When sleep is o'er the senses stealing,
And e'en to agony profuse,
  Indulge the luxury of feeling.
The features to recall of those,
  Who moulder in their last repose;
To chase each image that may rise
  In mockery before the eyes,
Until you catch the happy clue
  That brings to life the wonted smile,
And gives the cheek its roseate hue
  That moulders in decay the while;
Then dead to reason; dead to pain,
You dream an hour of bliss again.

APOLOGUE.

A Tar, who long had roam'd the main,
About to trust the sea again,
Was thus addressed at his departure,
By Hodge, who had no faith in water.
"Your father, and his sire before him,
And many others of your stock, sir,
Have left their children to deplore 'em,
Stow'd snug away in Davy's locker;
Then how the d——l can it be,
You trust again the treacherous sea?"
"Pray answer me," Jack Tar replied,
"And where was it your father died?"
"He died," quoth Hodge, and scratch'd his head,
"Where his own father died—in bed."
"You're a bold man, if that's the case,"
Said Jack, "to trust to such a place:
The scene where all your tribe were slain—
Pray never go to bed again."

TO ———.

When lowly in the dust thou 'rt laid,
And all has faded, that can fade,
I shall not shed one tear for thee,
To stain thy Angel purity.

Tho' thou art all on earth I own,
The spot my spirit rests upon:
Till torn with earthly agonies,
It finds a solace in the skies.

Tho' in thy angel breast I trace
The link that binds me to my race;
And tho' I feel when thou art gone,
I here shall wander—dark—alone.

Yet not one bitter tear shall flow,
To break thy sleep—to sooth my woe;
No sigh be heav'd—no tear be shed,
No more than if thou wert not dead.

For who could shed one tear for thee,
Knowing, belov'd, thy purity?
Say, who could force one sinful tear,
To mourn thy loss, to wish thee here?

But if one tear should chance to flow,
Belov'd, it shall not spring from woe;
But calmly to thy grave be given,
To prove, I feel that thou 'rt in Heaven!

LINES.

There is an hour of sadness—
A balm for every woe—
A wild delusive madness,
That forms our Heaven below.

'Tis when at eve we're roving,
To brood upon our pain,
And feel the pangs of loving,
Yet dream of bliss again.

E'en then the eye that waileth,
Will glisten through the tear;
E'en then the hope that faileth,
Is calm and doubly dear.

Oh! Mary, though now parted,
It brings thee to my sight;
Though almost broken hearted,
I feel a faint delight.

That tells me hard fate left us
One hope to rest upon,
The act that has bereft us,
Had made our Spirits one.

TO A LADY.

Upon her asking "What is Love?"

And can'st thou dearest gravely ask
The meaning of the word "to Love?"
How could'st thou teach so oft the task,
And yet its meaning never prove?

But since thou'st taught my breast to burn
With love's delightful misery,
It were but justice in return
That I should teach the same to thee.

But, ah! my tongue would strive to tell
In vain the agony I feel,
For as the trembling accents fell
Thy cheeks would check the tender tale.

Then in my breast, thy blushes hide;
The brain the meaning ne'er can prove;
The heart will tell, and thou'lt not chide,
The heart alone can tell what's love.

SONG.

There's not on earth a joy so sweet
As that the tender maiden proves—
When kneeling—sighing at her feet,
She see's the youth she fondly loves.
She weeps and heaves a broken sigh;
And cannot tell the reason why.

There's not on earth a pang so great,
As that which stabs the doating fair,
Who falls deserted—knows her fate;
Her lover false—her life despair,
She weeps and heaves a broken sigh,
And well she knows the reason why.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MISS ELLEN M———.

I walked with thee beneath the sky,
When the angels had hung their lamps on high,
And I loved the moon as in early years
Ere I found this world was a world of tears,
And I loved the stars with a holy love
For they win the soul to their realms above,
And I thought what a heaven of joy 'twould be
To rove through that world of love with thee.

But I turned from God's resplendent skies
To gaze in the heaven of thy blue eyes;
Little dreaming I there should see
The star of my evil destiny,
That told me there is nought to hope,
Within my gloomy horoscope.

Ellen—I love thee for that name
So long familiar to my tongue,—
So cherished in my heart, my brain,
When life and love and hope were young.
That there is not a sound on earth,
Nay, there is not a note in heaven,
Could waken to a second birth
The holy feelings crush'd and riven.

In my poor heart, like that dear name,
It comes like the eternal flame
Of light on chaos, rousing up
The speeches of departed years—
They tempt me with the rosy cup,
I taste and find it steep'd with tears,
Still do I love thee for that name,
More than ambition, power or fame.

Thou little dreamest, gentle one,
The mischief that thine eyes have done;
How like a little thief you stole,
Into the cloister of my soul,
And scattered round my foolish heart,
Visions of bliss, so heavenly wild,
Like to an angel's whisperings
In the ear of a sleeping child.

Still I'll not blame the artless wile
That killed me with an angel's smile,
Though, true, at times, I may regret
We ever parted, ever met,
And I may grieve, that thou wilt be
As dear to others, as thou'rt to me.

But fare thee well—we soon must part
And ne'er perhaps to meet again,
I bear thy image on my heart,
And on the tablets of my brain
Is written much that I shall read,
When thou'rt not near, and thy loved voice
Shall cease to make my bosom bleed,
With recollection of the joys
Of former days, and as the flower
Kill'd by the wintry snow and rain,
Peeps forth at spring's reviving power
E'en so my heart may bloom again,
And so my thoughts still fondly dwell with thee
Love, Hope and Joy will break their sepulchre.

SONG.

Yes I should mourn,
The false friends gone—
If you had left me too forlorn,
But still you are;
The Polar star;
That guides my weary foot-steps on.

A meteor light,
In the darksome night,
Whilst all around the stars are set,
That struggles to show,
In the midst of woe,
There are things worthy living for yet.

Whilst your smiles beam
Thro' life's dark dream,
Unbroken 'twill be with sigh or tear,
I shall not grieve,
If fate but leave,
The angel that cheers my existence here.

TO———

When the gloom of the grave is around me,
And the scene of mortality sunk in decay;
When the visions of love that so madly had bound me
To thee, and despair have all flitted away.

Perchance thou'lt remember that I did adore thee,
And cease to reproach the sad spirit that's gone;
Nay e'en thy proud bosom may deign to deplore me
When virtues, not faults, are remember'd alone.

When thou shalt remember how fondly you hung
On the breast where the grave-worm make his repast;
How falsely you smiled and how madly I clung
To the lips that swore they would love to the last.

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Perchance thou wilt weep, and oh! well I may
claim,
One drop of affliction to hallow my urn:
The tears that I've shed in my anguish and shame
May ask this of thee as a trifling return.

Since our fatal loves, a dark record of crime,
Imagined or real has been blazon'd to me:
Reproach for my faults! Heaven knows since that
time,
My greatest was too much affection for thee.

But now let that pass, since you wish to forget
That I once adored, and your bosom could feel,
I shall not recall the sad moment we met,
And the scenes that soon follow'd, shall strive to
conceal.

Aye, even from thee, for if there be a sting
In recalling the past, I should cease to repine,
Could I bear it alone, and reflection ne'er bring
One pang to the heart that has near broken
mine.

THE COQUETTE.

I love little Mary to madness
I've told her a hundred times o'er,
From all I have hidden my sadness,
Yet all seem to know I adore.

How is it the world should discover
The secret I closely conceal;
And she alone know not I love her,
Though I daily my passion reveal?

STANZAS—TO ELLEN.

I knew thee when thy heart was light,
As down beneath a seraph's wing,
No tears thy rosy cheeks to blight
Or thought that left the poisoning sting;
When all was calm within thy breast,
As the grave where sainted mortals rest.

I clung round thee then,
In the madness of bliss,
And felt naught was worth living for,
Ellen, save this.

I knew thee when thy heart was rent,
Thy brain to madness nearly driven;
When every earthly hope was spent,
And e'en perhaps thy hopes in Heaven;
And 'twas to me as bitterest gall,
To know that I had caused thee all.

I clung around thee then,
In my grief and dismay,
And saw all that I doated on,
Fading away.

Thy shame has past—thy fears have gone;
Thy brow as calm as Heaven appears—
Thy voice—'tis bliss!—the only one,
That soothes me in this vale of tears;
Thine eyes—I draw from them the light
That guide me through this world of night.
I cling round thee now,
From anxiety free,
And find all that I live for, Oh!
Ellen, in thee.

FROM ANACREON.

If hoarded gold would but bestow
On man a longer life below,
I never would forsake the pleasure
Of adding to the valued treasure,
And thus when death would call, I'd pay
My fee to live another day.
But since the proud and poor are doom'd
Alike to moulder in the tomb,
And wealth of worlds hath not the power
One moment to prolong the hour,
Why should I strive that dross to save,
Will yield it pleasure in the grave;
Then give me whilst through life I pass
The smiling girl—the sparkling glass,
That I for griefs may make amends
With faithful love—and cheerful friends—
But where's the man possesses here
A faithful woman—friend sincere!

THE PENITENT.

Spirit of Hope, I have gazed upon thee,
With thy radiant smile and thine eye of flame;
When Time, sped on with his merriest glee,
The burthen of which, was thy heart cheering name.
And the fairy dreams of earliest love,
(When the soul is pure, and the heart is light,)
O'er my enchanted senses would move,
As the first planets shining on Eden bright.

Spirit of Hope, I have called upon thee,
When the dæmon of folly pass over my soul,
And I felt, as thy smile was turned fondly on me,
It embittered the poison that mantled the bowl.
And I turned from thy smile, though thy heavenly glance
Would have banished me far from my sinful fate;
Yet senseless I lay in the pride-killing trance,
'Till roused to a world that was desolate.

Spirit of Hope, thou hast past from my sight,
Like the wild eagle's course through the trackless wind,
I heedlessly gazed at your terrible flight,
That left but a voidless bloom behind.
'Till the fitful star that led me on
From all the bowers of Eden, with promised bliss
Had darkly set—'till its splendor had gone
And left me to utter wretchedness.

LINES.

In answer to some verses from a Lady.

Oh! yes, thou art mine till the sepulchre close,
Thy moments of bliss and my measure of woes;
Till the last mortal sigh shall have scatter'd the gloom
That dampens all raptures this side of the tomb.

I feel thou art mine, whilst a spark shall remain
Of life in thy heart, or of sense in my brain;
And till my life's blood, or my reason depart,
Thy image, beloved, shall remain in my heart.

'Tis the light of my life, and oh! thou art to me,
As the watch-star over the turbulent sea—
And though the world deem it a *fatuous* flame,
I'll follow it even to death or to shame.

I ask but that light—'tis the light of my soul,
Call it madness or reason—no word shall control;
For whilst you still love, I care not for the name,
Guilt, rapture, or phrenzy, so thou art the same.

EPIGRAM.

My little babes—said Jane to Kitty,
Are quite unlike—though both are pretty.
One has a little flaxen poll,
The other's hair is black as coal—
This striking contrast I admire.

The reason why, said Kate to Jane,
'Tis not so easy to explain,
Tho' one has eyes as black as jet,
The other's blue as violet,
Still each resembles much his sire.

EPITAPH ON AN AGED COUPLE.

Their joys through life were one, and so their woes;
In the same grave their ashes now repose;
At the last trump when myriads shall arise,
God grant they hand in hand ascend the skies,
"And the bright hope that guided to their rest,
Angels may sing—'Consummatum est.'"

TO ———

True, we may dream awhile, my dear
In all the luxury of feeling,
And I may drink thy smile, my dear,
'Till madness o'er each sense is stealing.

And I may gaze upon thee, too,
'Till all is fairy land around me,
And you may dream of love, 'tis true,
Nor see the snake that lurks to wound thee.

But when from madness' waking, love,
And there is nought but sorrow near us,
And when our hearts are breaking, love,
Without a single hope to cheer us,

In vain we'll dream of blisses past,
Forgotten, then, thy love for me!
Thy heart will wither in the blast,
E'en as the rose in Araby.

Then shall we cease to cherish, dear,
  The passion that will shortly doom us?
'Tis better far to perish here,
  If such a Heavenly flame consume us,

Than pass an age of littleness,
  And scarcely find a pleasure in it.
Then light the lamp of love and bliss,
  We'll live a life in one short minute.

SONG

And wilt thou, Mary, never say;
The feelings of thy breast disclose?
See, on my knees I weep—I pray
My fate impart and end my woes.

If life by thee can ne'er be blest,
I shall not live to mourn my fate:—
If pity dwell within thy breast
Then end my woes and say you hate.

STANZAS.

Whilst there's a star in the dark blue sky,
Or sand on the desert of Araby:
'Till the winds be hush'd, and the ocean be dry,
My bosom shall doat and cling fondly to thee.

The stars of the night in the morn may set,
And winds be all hushed in the holiest sleep:
But, Oh! thy affection I ne'er shall forget,
While my soul can feel, or my heart can weep.

And thou wilt be mine while thy bosom can beat,
While woman can love—or thy memory last;
And when we are doom'd but in anguish to meet,
We'll turn with delight to the blisses we've past.

And dream over moments of rapture again,
'Till life burns more brightly, and woes disappear:
But e'en when the bosom is deluged with pain,
We'll sigh not, but live for each other, my dear.

Yes, I will be thine, while my bosom can beat,
  While honour remains, or my memory last:
And when we are doom'd but in sorrow to meet,
  Oh! I shall still love for the blisses we've past.

FRANCE.*

Unfold your banners to the wind;
  Display the sleeping blade to light;
Send forth the slave—the trembling hind
  To perish in the unholy fight.

The banner deep in slaughter dy'd
  The blade encrusted o'er with blood,
The heart by tyranny well tried,
  That ne'er a Louis' frown withstand;
Compose the band that would control
The flight of freedom and the soul.

Go forth, sweet France, while damsels sing
  Thy former pride and majesty,
The first great deed of Gallia's king
  Is now to shackle liberty.

* Written in 1821.

For he is gone, whose deathless name
  Stands forth among the great, the brave,
Whose sword bequeath'd a nation's fame
  That now is cringing to a slave;
But he is gone, or else this blow
Had laid his exiled bosom low.

Thy banners wanton in the wind,
  The sleeping blades now leap to light,
The monarch sends the trembling hind
  To perish in the unholy fight.

But lo! around the dotard's head
  The fates the wreath of cypress twine;
And now the crimson mantle spread
  To catch the bitterest drops of brine
Shed by that poor and trifling thing,
All Europe's dupe—no longer—King!

STANZAS.

In imitation of some French verses.

Source of my bliss; thy soothing smile
  Consoles me in this world of ill;
For in the midst of shame and toil,
  I find a bliss in living still.

Though wreck'd, forlorn with worldly care,
  And fainting with my load of grief,
Thy image flits between despair,
  To yield my wounded soul relief.

The taunting world may shun—despise —
  Pursue me to the wilderness;
Whilst fondness sparkles in thine eyes,
  My anguish only serves to bless.

Despair is in my wild retreat—
My only comrade—misery—
But whilst this wretched heart will beat,
'Twill throb with gratitude for thee.

My life—my Mary—thy dear form
Raises such transports in my soul,
That in the midst of sorrow's storm,
I mock the tempests as they roll.

Yes; Mary, whilst thou cling'st to me,
I'll mock the tempests of my woes;
But when deprived of love and thee,
I'll sink into the grave's repose.

EPIGRAM.

In days of old—so stories go,
Old Orpheus took a trip below,
But modern husbands need not roam
They've wife and h–ll enough at home.

ANOTHER.

Eurydice, as stories tell,
Led her spouse Orpheus down to h–ll;
But wives have long since changed the evil,
Now drive their husbands to the devil.

EPIGRAM

On a certain Doctor, running for a seat in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

A Roman Emperor once, it is said,
Of his favorite horse a Senator made;
But a wonder far greater has now come to pass,
We'd make a grave Senator out of an ass!

PAUPER'S DEATH.

Hard Case.

He was a stranger, no one took him in,—
Oppress'd by poverty—perchance by sin;
No nurse assisted, and no parson pray'd,
Alone he died, without a *doctor's aid.*

EPIGRAM.

"Delia, my dear, you're so unkind,
That I have lost my *peace* of mind ;"
Quoth Delia "that's no loss at all,
Your *piece* of mind's so very small."

ANOTHER.

"I owe you a grudge," said Brown to Jones,
" And when we meet I'll break your bones ;"
" An idle threat," Jones calmly said,
"No debt you owed was ever paid."

THE SCOLD'S LAST SQUALL.

"A woman overboard! my eyes! she's lost!
See, on the foaming billows how she's tost!
Jack, can you swim?" "Like any fish." "O save
That struggling victim from a watery grave."
"Not I. Row on, and pray make no alarm,
Her worthy husband never did me harm."

SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The shrill bugle sounds and the war-horse is prancing,
The flags and the plumes are now waiving on high;
The bright polish'd arms in the sun beams are glancing,
But brighter the beam that is shot from each eye,
Each bosom is bounding, each pulse now is filling
With drops that are rich as the gems of the sea,
And each one we meet in his extacy thrilling
Has stamped on his visage the soul of the free.

The cripple goes forth to the splendid array,
With spirit roused up that long dormant had lain;
He shoulders his crutches, to honor the day,
And fights o'er his battles, and conquers again.

His little grand-child that is scarcely knee high,
  Now mimics precisely his fugleman sire,
He stedfastly looks on the warriors eye,
  And draws from their beams an unquenchable
    fire.

The voice of the maiden is sweeter by far
  As she breathes on this day the bold national
    song,
And mingles the emblems of peace and of war
  In a wreath for the brows, where her feelings
    belong,
Each heart is as buoyant as gossamer new,
  Each drop in it pure as a gem of the sea,
For where is the spirit so dastardly low
  Could sleep through the moment that shouted
    you're free!

LINES SENT TO A LADY WITH A BROACH.

This broach I send, dear Nell,
Is an emblem fit for thee;
Behold, the spotless shell,
Is as pure as pure can be.

And though the bauble's made
Of but a spurious shell,
The likeness still prevails,
My fair and lovely Nell.

The time may yet arrive
When cherub boys and girls
May call thee, gentle Nell,
Mother of many pearls.

THE LABORER TO HIS WIFE.

Our love was born in poverty,
  His cradle rocked midst doubts and fears!
But still the urchin stoutly grew,
  Though nourished with our tears.

Though roses bloomed upon his cheeks,
  His bright eyes sickened with despair.
But as we nursed the angel child,
  We found great beauty there.

At length we kissed away the tears
  That had bedewed his rosy cheek:
And then we saw the rays of Hope
  Within his bright eyes break.

And since he has to manhood grown,
  And dried with smiles the infant's tear,
He proves a very Hercules—
  Our strength and solace here.

FORREST.

Let no one question his transcendent art,
The tragic muse to him should yield the throne,
Who to Bird's muse new beauties can impart,
And cast a veil e'en o'er the faults of Stone.

TO REBECCA.

Be pure in heart and strong in mind,
Perform your duty—kind on earth
Towards the feeble, and unkind,
For God creates a second birth.

Our mortal birth to Time was given,
The trist of joy and misery—
Earth's but the vestibule of heaven,
Time—doorkeeper to eternity.

LINES.

Written in a young Lady's Album on the eve of her Marriage.

The world laughs out before thee,
The heavens smile brightly o'er thee,
  Hope revels in thy heart.
Flowers in thy path are springing,
Birds on each spray are singing,
While heaven and earth are ringing,
  "Joy, joy can ne'er depart."

The mountain stream when gushing
From the cleft rock, and rushing
  Through green and flowery vales,
Long ere it meets the ocean
Are lost in wild commotion,
Its brightness—the devotion
  Received from fragrant gales.

The world soon frowns before us,
The heavens soon darken o'er us,
  Still hope will cheer the heart.
Though thorns in your path-way spring, dear,
Though some may rankle and sting, dear,
While fondly to *one* you cling dear;
  "Joy, joy can ne'er depart."

The white and filmy cloud,
That floats like an angel's shroud,
  By the storm is rudely driven;
And when it is rent asunder
By the lightning and the thunder,
It ceases to raise man's wonder,
  That cloud is still in heaven.

LINES.

Say what has bound my soul to thee,
With fetters death can scarcely break;
Is it the fire that lights thine eye,
Thy fairy form or rosy cheek?
No—there are other eyes as bright,
Cheeks as rosy, forms as light.

Is it thy breast of driven snow,
Or jetty curls—that bind my soul,
Thy coral lips where pearls do grow,
Or kisses sweet, that thence I stole?
No—there are bosoms full as fair,
And lips that all those treasures bear.

Then what has thus ensnared my breast,
If not that thou art heavenly fair?
Oh! when thy angel form I press'd,
And felt a heart of fondness there.
'Twas then my mind confess'd there's one
To rest all earthly hopes upon.

When I beheld thy parting glance,
And heard the sigh that bade farewell!
Oh! there was more in that short trance,
Than years of bliss—or words can tell.
It bade hope rise—life brightly roll
And fixed thy image in my soul.

FRAGMENT.

Adieu! farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is;
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys,
None from his darts can fly.
I am sick, I must die;
  Lord have mercy on us;

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health.
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made.
The plague full swift goes by.
I am sick, I must die;
  Lord have mercy on us!

Haste, therefore, each degree,
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die;
  Lord have mercy on us!

TO THE LOST ONE.*

Vale et Benedicite.

In joy we met; in anguish part;
Farewell thou frail misguided one!
Young hope sings matins in thy heart,
While dirges ring in mine alone,
Solemn as monumental stone.

Thy life is Spring, but Autumn mine;
Thy hope all flowers; mine bitter fruit,
For hope but blossoms to repine;
It seldom hath a second shoot;—
A shadow that evades pursuit.

Though poets are not prophets here,
Yet Time must pass and you will see,
While o'er dead joys you drop the tear,
This world is one Gethsemane
Where all weep—die—still dream to be.

* This is the last poem written by R. P. S. It was published in Graham's Magazine a few months before his death.
H. W. S.

Flowers spring, birds sing in the young heart,
But Time spares not the flowers of Spring;
The birds that sang there soon depart,
And leave God's altar withering—
Flowerless and no bird to sing.

God pronounced all things good in Eden;
Young Adam sang—not knowing evil.
Until the snake plucked fruit forbidden,
And made himself to Eve quite civil.—
Did he tempt her, or she the devil?

True, she made Eden Adam's heaven;—
Also the green earth Adam's hell;
Tore from his grasp all God had given;
Cast him from bliss in sin to dwell;
To make her food by his sweat and blood.

Then what should man from woman hope,
Who hurled from Paradise his sire?
Her frailty drew his horoscope,
And barred the gates of heaven with fire;
Changed God's intent for her desire.

And what should she from man expect
  Who slew his God her soul to save?
A dreary life of cold neglect;—
  For Eden lost;—a welcome grave,
  Where kings make ashes with the slave!

A welcome grave! man's crowning hope!
  All trust from dust we shall revive;
Despite our gloomy horoscope,
  Incarnadined God will receive
  His children who slew him to live.

A frail partition but divides
  Your husband from insanity;
He stares as madness onward strides
  To crush each spark of memory—
  I gave you all—this you give me!
Vale et benedicite.

FUGITIVE PROSE

NOW

FIRST COLLECTED.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

How unstable is human opinion! In childhood we look forward to the years of maturity for the consummation of our dream of happiness; and when that period has arrived, we call up the recollections of youth, and they bloom again as spots of green in the desert.

I passed by boyhood in a village far remote from our populous cities, and the occurrences of those thoughtless days made so deep an impression, that at this distant period they retain their freshness, and doubtless will do so even to the close of life. The joys of youth take deep root in the mind and bloom for years, whether it be winter or spring with us; but the pleasure of after life are but as flowers of a season, that blossom for a day and fade, and fresh seed must be scattered before others appear.

I re-visited the village not long since, after an absence of many years. It had undergone numerous changes, and, as I walked along the streets,

many new faces presented themselves, and but few of the old ones were to be seen. In fact, time had rendered me a stranger in a strange place, though I had imagined that all would be as familiar to me as my own fire-side, and that my welcome would have been as cordial.

With feelings of disappointment, I extended my walk to the commons beyond the skirts of the village where the school house stood. That had undergone no change; it was still the same but it struck me that time had materially diminished it in magnitude. It is remarkable how our optics deceive us at different stages of life. I looked around with delight for every thing was familiar to me: but the picture was now in miniature. Objects that I had considered remote were near at hand, and mountains had dwindled away to comparative mole-hills.

While enjoying the recollections that the scene awakened, the door of the school house opened, and a man approached. He would have been known among a thousand, by his step and air, for a country school master. After an awkward bow, he said:

"A pleasant evening, sir. A charming landscape, and you appear to enjoy it."

"Yes; it is delightful to look upon familiar faces after a long separation."

He gazed at me earnestly and muttered, "Faces! I have surely seen that face before!"

"Very possibly! but not within twenty years."

"At that period I was a pupil in this school," said he, "and if I mistake not, you were also." I answered in the affirmative. He grasped me immediately by the hand, and shaking it cordially, called me by my name. "But," continued he, "you appear not to remember me!"

"True; the human countenance is a tablet upon which time is constantly scribbling new characters and obliterating the old, and his hand has been busily employed upon your front?"

"Yes; another story has been written there since the time when we used to lie in wait by a salt lick, at midnight, for the coming deer, or glide over the surface of the river, with a fire in the stern of our canoe, to light us to the hiding places of the salmon trout."

I knew him now to be the same who had been my constant companion in the excursions of my boyhood. "But, how is this?" I exclaimed: "have

the old duties of the school devolved upon you? Where is our preceptor?"

"Debemur morti nos nostraque!"

"Dead!"

"So his tombstone informs us; and in this instance it speaks the truth, contrary to the usual practice of tombstones. He took a cold by exposing himself when overheated by the labour of a severe flagellation inflicted upon the broad shoulders of a dull urchin. You may remember that his manner of teaching was impressive, for he rigidly pursued the ancient system for imparting knowledge."

"O! I remember. And doubtless you are as great a terror to the rising generation as he was to us and our companions. Well, I might have foretold your destiny. Our inclinations are early developed; and it was a prime joke with you, as soon as the school was dismissed, to put on the teacher's gown, and cap and spectacles, and seating yourself in his large oaken chair, call upon us, with mock gravity, to go through the forms we had just finished."

"You may also remember," said the school master, "that upon one of these occasions you clambered up behind me, and gave me a libation from

an inkhorn, while the master was standing in the door-way, the only one present who could not enter into the spirit of the farce we were performing."

"Nor did we highly applaud his epilogue to our entertainment. But where are they now, who joined in our thoughtless amusements on that day?"

"Scattered as far apart as the four corners of the earth! A small room there contained them, and they found happiness in it; but grown to man's estate, they roamed the wide world in pursuit of the phantom and it eluded their grasp."

"What became of little Dick Gaylove, who, on that occasion, was detected making a profile of our old preceptor on the door? He was a promising lad, the pride of his father's heart, and a universal favorite in the school."

"He was, indeed, a boy of fine talents: but judge not of the fruit from the flower. He left the village for the metropolis, and was educated for the bar. He was admired and caressed by his acquaintances, became dissipated, ruined his father's fortune, and died the death of a prodigal at five-and-twenty."

"And his brother Tom, who overturned the bench upon which Jack Williams and his cousin were seated?"

"He imitated the example set by father Adam; and by cultivating the earth, supported his aged parents. If more would do so the world would be happier."

As we walked to the village he gave me a brief history of the whole of our schoolmates, and the picture presented a vast deal more of shade than sunshine. Life may be compared to a tree in full bearing. Of the multitude of blossoms how many are nipped in the bud! Of the fruit more than half falls in its green state, and of that which attains maturity much goes to decay before it is gathered to use.

SALEK.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt in a cave near Ispahan, a poor dervise of the name of Salek. He belonged to the most self-denying class of his order, and as his wants were few, his scanty food and miserable raiment satisfied the necessities of nature, and daily did he thank Allah for his beneficence. Salek was happy in the midst of privation, but his heart was touched for the sufferings of others, and he prayed that it might be granted him to lighten the burthen of those who were heavy laden, and wipe the tear from the eye of the mourner. He went forth and gathered alms by the way-side from the rich, which he distributed to the helpless; and he found that his charity, like the blessed dew of heaven, revived alike the drooping weed and the flower, wherever it fell. Again did he pour forth his soul in gratitude for the charities he had been enabled to confer, and in the purity of his heart he prayed that his sphere of usefulness might be

enlarged, for countless tears were shed he had not the power to wipe away. He then threw himself upon his bed of torture and slept in peace.

There were genii in those days. In his sleep the dervise had a vision, in which a genius appeared and promised that his prayer should be granted to the extent of his will; that even the wealth of Ispahan, if necessary, should flow into his coffers, on condition that he would daily bestow but one tithe of his receipts in charity. Fervently did he thank Allah in his dream, and promise that his feet should know no rest in seeking objects who needed his assistance. When he awoke, he found a bag of gold on the floor of his cell, which he grasped with equal amazement and delight, and went forth on his charitable mission. Many a heavy heart did Salak that day relieve of its burthen; and on returning to his cell at night, he found ten bags of gold of the same size as that he had distributed. He prayed and slept. Early the next morning he again went forth, bearing as many of the bags as he could carry, and wherever he appeared the stricken and the oppressed went on their way rejoicing. At night he again found that the alms he had distributed had been replaced tenfold; and thus he continued his

good works, day after day, until his narrow cell became too small to contain the wealth that Allah showered upon him.

The dervise now purchased a palace in the Square of Meyden, and his gardens were freshened with cascades from the sparkling waters of the Zenderout. For a time he continued to bestow his charity, which daily yielded him the promised harvest in return; but possessed of the means of indulging his appetites, he gradually yielded to the frailties of his nature, which he pampered until it became irksome to relieve the craving necessities of his fellow mortals. He slept in luxury; thought lightly of the stewardship that had been intrusted to him, and at length wholly neglected to perform the condition upon which his wealth and happiness depended.

The genius again appeared, and said, "Awake, thou sluggard! Thy promised inheritance, though boundless, will escape thee through thy indolence. He who bestows all, has asked but one tithe out of thine abundance, which has been refused. He asked not of thine necessity, but of his own profusion; and thou has withheld a mite from the cravings of his children, though thy own reward would have been multiplied to the extent of thy wishes.

Awake, thou fool! He who refuses to scatter the seed, must not hope to gather in the harvest."

When the dervise awoke, he discovered that his wealth had vanished, and that he was again as destitute as when the genius first appeared to him. Humbled in spirit, he left his palace and returned to his cell: and as he resumed his garb of penitence, he sighed, "In my poverty I was keenly alive to the misfortunes of the most lowly; in my prosperity, dead even to my God." He again gathered alms by the way-side, and dried the tears of the stricken. He no longer gave sparingly from profusion, but freely from his frugal store; and at length the genius again appeared and renewed the promise, "Thou art now truly the almoner of Allah. He has entrusted but little to thee, yet of that little thou bestowest all, and with all thy heart. Thy reward shall be, not only tenfold, but as the single grain of wheat compared to the yield of the harvest field; and it shall be garnered for thee where the thief cannot break in, nor time consume it."

NETTLES ON THE GRAVE.

STROLLING through a cemetery, I beheld within one of the enclosures a widow who had buried her only child there, some two years before. I accosted her, and tendered my assistance. "Thank you," she replied, "my task is done. I have been pulling up the nettles and thistles that have overgrown little Willie's grave, and have planted mnemonies, heart's ease, and early spring flowers in their place, as more fitting emblems of my child; and though they may fail to delight him, they will remind me that there is a spring time even in the grave, and that Willie will not be neglected by *Him* who bids these simple flowers revive. But is it not strange how rank nettles and all offensive weeds grow over the human grave—even a child's grave?"

"I remember you mourned grievously at losing him, but trust time has assuaged affliction."

"Its poignancy is blunted, but memory is constantly hovering around my child. Duty and reason

have taught me resignation; still I seldom behold a boy of his age, but fancy pictures to me how he would have appeared in the various stages of his progress toward manhood. And then again I see him like his father—and myself a proud and happy mother in old age. True, you may call it an idle, baseless dream; and so it is, but I cannot help indulging in it."

"Dream on! the best of life is a dream."

We walked a few steps, and paused before an inclosure where reposed the remains of a worthy man, with nothing more than his unobtrusive name inscribed upon a marble slab to designate his resting-place. He was respected for his integrity and energy; beloved for his utility and benevolence. Here was no lying inscription, making the grave gorgeous, as if monumental mendacity might deceive Divinity. His record was elsewhere, traced by unseen fingers.

"There are no nettles on that good man's grave," said the widow. "I knew him well; weeds would wither there; nothing but flowers should cover his ashes."

A few young men at the time were idly passing. They paused, when one tearing a weed from the pathway, hurled it among the flowers, exclaiming,

"Let him rot there with weeds for his covering." The slumbering dust thus spurned had long sustained the ingrate who now voided his venom upon the benefactor who had fed him until there was no longer faith in hope. The widow sighed; "And this is on the grave of the good and just!"

"Had Willie lived, he might have been such a man, and such would have been his harvest."

In the next tomb a brave soldier mingled his ashes with the red earth of Adam. In his early career he was placed in a position where daring energies alone could command success. He succeeded, and was rewarded by a nation's approbation. No subsequent opportunity occured to acquire peculiar distinction; and when he died, a shaft was erected commemorating the most remarkable action of his life. His tomb attracted the attention of some visitors who read his epitaph. "Characteristic of the age!" exclaimed one, throwing a pebble at the inscription, "to swell a corporal to the dimensions of a Cæsar. It was the only action of a protracted life, worthy of record, and here it is emblazoned for the pride of posterity." Had the thoughtless scoffer of the unconscious dead occupied his position, which gained renown, history possibly might have perpetuated

disgrace, instead of a tombstone record of gallant services—the patriot's sole reward.

"You knew the soldier?"

"For years, and well. A brave and worthy man. The current of his useful life flowed smoothly on, without being ruffled by the breath of calumny."

"And yet nettles cover his grave already!"

"Such might have been your child's destiny—but that matters little; praise or scorn are now alike to the old soldier."

We passed to a spot where a gay party was leaning on a railing. A young woman had plucked some of the gayest flowers from the enclosure, and was laughing with her merry companions. As we approached, she threw the bouquet already soiled and torn, on the grave; and they went their way with some idle jest upon their lips. The widow paused, and struggled to suppress her emotion,

"Did you know the tenant of this grave?"

"From his childhood. He loved that woman, and struggled to acquire wealth to make her happy. He succeeded, and when she discovered that he was completely within her toils, she deceived and left him hopeless. There are men whose hearts retain the simplicity of childhood through life; and such

was his. Without reproaching her, or breathing her name to any one, he suddenly shrunk as a blighted plant, and withered day by day, until he died. Like the fabled statuary, he was enamored of the creature his own mind had fashioned, and in the credulity of his nature, he made her wealthy, trusting that time would infuse truth and vitality into the unreal vision of his youthful imagination. The world of love is a paradise of shadows! The man beside her is now her husband; the wealth they revel in, this grave bequeathed them."

"The fool! to die heart-broken—for a dream. But great men have at times died broken-hearted. I should not call him fool. It is a common death among good men."

"Great men! But women, sir, have pined away to death."

"In poetry, the bill of mortality is a long one; in real life the patients seldom die, unless they chance to be both vain and poor. Did a rich widow ever grieve to death for the loss of the noblest husband? Wealth is a potent antidote to the malady, and teaches resignation; while poverty, with the first blow of his iron sledge, will make his cold anvil smoke with

the heart's blood, for he is buried who for years had withstood the blow."

"That woman did not cast nettles on his grave."

"No nettles, but faded roses which she tore from it—blooming when she came there. Better cast stones and nettles than those withered flowers. Your boy has escaped this poor man's destiny—the worst of deaths! His was the happiest! he died—smiling—on his fond mother's bosom! But there is a grave around which weeds grow more luxuriantly, than about the sepulchre where mortal dust reposes. Daily watchfulness is required to prevent the bright creations therein buried, from being so over-run until nothing is seen to designate the beautiful tomb, where we had carefully embalmed them, as if in amber."

"What grave, sir, do you refer to?"

"The human mind. A mighty grave wherein we daily bury crushed hopes and brilliant ephemerons, too fragile to survive the chill atmosphere of a solitary day. Keep the weeds from growing there and smothering their memories. They are the progeny of the soul, and should not be allowed to perish Shall the joyous and beautiful creations of childhood be forgotten in age? must the noble

aspirations of the vigor of manhood pass away without even an epitaph, because crushed in their vigor? Rather contemplate them hourly; plant flowers beside them, though they bloom but briefly and fade, they will send forth perfume even in decay, and inevitably revive in due season, bearing refreshing fruit; and old age, with palsied hand, will readily gather up the long account of his stewardship, and as he glances over the lengthened scroll that must become a record in the archives of eternity, may rejoice that he has not been an ingrate and idler in the heat of the harvest-field, but hath diligently laboured to make the entrusted talent yield the expected usage. Tear up the weeds that are incessantly growing there, ere he who was placed little lower than the angels, becomes an empty cenotaph—a stranger's grave—mouldering and mingling with his mother earth unheeded and unknown."

THE DREAM OF MEHEMET.

An Apologue.

THUS spoke the gray-haired dervise. Selim was left to my care; his dying parents bequeathed him an ample fortune, and their example of virtue and affection. Such was his inheritance.

He was a dreamy boy, in whose soul the opposite passions revelled. Gentle as the dove, yet, under aggression, fierce as the tiger. He loved as angels love; hated as fiends hate. Framed as delicately as the gazelle, yet every sinew was endowed with the tenacity of steel. At the age of manhood, I, his old preceptor, bowed to the superior endowment of my pupil, but knew not the fountain of his knowledge.

I have said he was a dreamy boy, yet he had made the broad pages of nature his book of knowledge, even while dreaming. The fertile earth pre-

sented her abundant lap overflowing with fruit to delight his palate; the flowers peered in his face with their variegated eyes, and sent forth their incense, even while he trod upon them. The cadence of the waterfall, the low twittering of the wearied bird as it flitted to its fledglings in the nest, and the murmuring of the passing breeze as it struggled through the grove, were to him a lullaby that charmed to sleep as the angels sleep. Nature was his mother, and she nursed him with playthings as her child.

I have seen him by the small streams composing songs to the music that the dimpled waters babbled, until his rosy cheeks dimpled and laughed in concert with the rippling brook, as if it were a thing of life, rejoicing in its existence, as his own pure heart rejoiced. They laughed and babbled together.

On the wood-clad mountains at midnight, when the elements battled, I have seen him straining his feeble voice to sound the master-key that attunes to universal harmony; and having caught it, he would spring like the antelope to a lofty waterfall to discover the same note there; and then turn up his bright face to the stars that smiled upon him, and laugh, expecting to hear them respond to his note

as they revolved on their eternal axes. His dark eyes smiled, and the conscious stars smiled back in the heaven of his dark eyes, which glanced with delight in the diamond rays of the stars.

Flowers were books to him, and from every leaf he read wisdom fragrant with truth. He cultivated them as a father would his last child. The little birds were his companions, and every morning he joined their concert until the tiny minstrels seemed to imagine that he was the leader of their orchestra. All nature was to him one mighty minister, bestowing all, while he asked from nature no more than the blessed privilege of imitating her, by bestowing on his fellow-man all in return. He had a dog, whose former owner had thrown into a stream to drown as worthless. Selim swam and saved the ill-looking cur, who followed him ever after until it appeared that instinct trod close upon the heel of reason. Selim in his turn, while bathing, became exhausted, and sinking beneath the stream, the dog plunged in and saved his dying master. Was this instinct or reason? It matters not, but Selim perceived that the Prophet had made his humanity toward a friendless dog the means of prolonging his own existence here. Despise not little things, cried

Mehemet, for the smallest is of magnitude in the sight of the Prophet. A straw may break the back of the over-burthened; one word may consign a man to poverty or prosperity, one deed to hell or heaven.

Selim's wants were few, his fortune ample, which he bestowed upon the deserving with as liberal a hand as it had been bestowed upon himself. Still he labored in the pursuit he had adopted, not for self-aggrandizement, but to assist others; and he knew not why man should be a sluggard while all nature is incessantly at work. The bee and ant work in their season—and even the spider too.

His garden blossomed as Eden, and the flowers offered up their grateful incense even as they faded and died upon the universal altar of Nature's God. His aviary from morn until night was vocal, and when the flaming chariots of the bright eye of day was whirled by fiery-footed steeds over the eastern hills, I have seen him with his flute, surrounded by nature's tiny choristers pouring forth their matins until some note in the universal harmony touched the heart of his poor shaggy cur who sported around and tried to bark in unison. Then Selim laughed outright, and the birds stopped their

hymns, and seemed to laugh with Selim, and the poor dog slunk away abashed, and slyly laughed at his miserable failure.

He married the dark-eyed Biribi. Selim was a poet; his soul revelled alike in tempest or sunshine, and his voice was as musical as the wings of the bee when he distills honey. He possessed the sweets of the bee, and his sting also. Biribi was abjectly poor, but in Selim's eyes as full of truth and as beautiful as the houries. He exclaimed, I will raise poverty above oppression, and place virtue where all her handmaids may minister to her enjoyment. Alas! it was but a young poet's dream —and such dreams are too frequently disturbed by palpable agony. Thus spoke Mehemet.

He had a friend who was his fellow-student while under my charge. Selim loved him as a brother, and when he married he requested Zadak to dwell with him. Neither house, garden, nor fields could be more beautiful, while his flocks and herds were nature's ornaments. Such was Selim's Eden.

Zadak borrowed a portion of his fortune, which he squandered; but the poor boy simply replied, "no matter, we require but little, and enough still remains to make us happy. Thank the Prophet for

that which we still possess, and repine not for that which we have lost. We can labor with our fellow-men."

Biribi became estranged from the pure being who fancied he had made in her bosom a nest for his dove-like heart to sing in. He awoke from a dream of repose to battle with the tempest. Zadak had betrayed him, and the gentle spirit of my boy was crushed between the sledge and the anvil; but the eternal fire that burnt within him, burst forth in one mighty blaze as the sledge fell; and even the sledge and the anvil rejoiced at the fire they had elicited from his heart's blood.

What was to be done? The question was soon settled. The dove had winged its way to heaven, but left the tiger on earth to punish the injuries done to the dove. Selim slew Zadak, and then walked to the tribunal to receive his sentence, knowing that an act that was approved by the immutable principle of eternal justice in heaven, would be pronounced a damning crime by drones who are fed to dole out punishment for breaking the conventional rules by which fools and knaves are linked together on earth. He confessed all before man as he had already confessed before God.

Ignominious death was his sentence in the eye of his fellow-creature; but God changed his sentence to that of eternal life; he died of a broken-heart, and escaped man's justice, tempered with degradation, and flew to the limpid and overflowing fountain—the bosom of his Creator for justice—knowing it to be a principle of eternity, and not of time.

I buried him beneath a cluster of trees, where he had pursued his studies. He had no mourners except myself and his dog. The grave of the rich man is seldom bedewed by the tears of his heirs; while the poor hard-working man may have many sincere mourners, provided they depended upon his daily labor for their bread. It was spring-time, I planted flowers from his garden over his grave, and placed his aviary among the trees. The birds sang and the flowers smiled as if he were still with them. One morning I missed his dog, and searched for him until the impulse of nature guided my footsteps to the boy's grave. The dog was there, pillowed on a cluster of fragrant flowers—dying; big tears stood in his leadened eyes, while the little birds from the blooming trees, warbled his requiem. They knew the dog, and he knew the birds, even

while dying. The flowers were bedewed with his tears, and I buried him beside his master, beneath the flowers.

Autumn came; the little birds had taken wing; the grove was no longer vocal; the flowers had faded, and their fragrance had passed away. Well, I exclaimed, the rosy-fingered stream will return, leading the birds back to warble as usual, and the flowers will revive with their former fragrance and beauty? "And is my boy dead?" my soul shrieked. "No!" replied a voice, kindly, and it seemed to me as if the lips were smiling as the judgment passed the lips, "the boy is not dead, but sleepeth, awaiting his spring-time, when the birds will sing, and the flowers bloom for him again, and bloom for eternity." Thus spoke the dervise, and his old frame chuckled with delight, for he was confident of the fulfillment of the promise.

I reposed by his grave, said Mehemet, and had a vision, which was this. His grave opened, and he arose more beautiful than when in the bloom of manhood. There was a bright star just over his heart, and methought it was composed of the tears his dying dog had shed upon his grave, and I smiled in my sleep at the fantastic thought. The flowers

sent forth their incense, and myriads of birds, as he ascended from his tomb, fluttered about him, leading the way, warbling their anthems; the gay flowers smiled at heaven, as if they were the eyes of the teeming earth, laughing their gratitude. The features of Selim became more benign as he ascended; the songs of the birds more seraphic, and the fragrance of the flowers more refreshing.

Suddenly a cloud of inky darkness covered the face of the earth. Two ghastly figures emerged from it, with uplifted eyes that were rayless, and supplicating hands that trembled with terror. Oh! what must that man be, exclaimed Mehemet, who trembles before the All-merciful, even while supplicating mercy! Selim cast a look of compassion upon the guilty pair, and tried to tear the star from his bosom to throw to them, but the more he strove, the brighter the star became—it illuminated his ascending spirit—and finding his efforts fruitless, he raised his radiant face toward the boundless blue canopy, cheered onwards by the hymns of his little choristers through regions of light, and the teeming earth smiled as she poured forth her grateful incense, as if jealous that the disembodied spirit

might forget the fragrance of this world while reveling in the atmosphere of heaven.

I heard a shriek of despair, and turning to the sea of darkness which was fearfully troubled, I beheld the guilty pair, desperately struggling in their agony against the angry billows. They struggled in vain. With a fiend-like shriek they disappeared, and sunk through a rayless abyss of doom, without even the tear of a dog to bewail their destiny. Selim soared upward, and still more effulgent became the heavens as he ascended. There was one mighty strain of seraphic music that filled the universe; the blue arch opened, from which issued a stream of light strong enough to restore vision to the rayless eyes of the ancient dead; then I awoke as I beheld Selim enter the eternal portals.

This continued the old man, may be but a dream at present, but the time will come when it must be verified. He then slowly tottered to his cell to dream out the remnant of his existence.

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

SELF-IMPORTANCE is a prominent feature in the genus homo. Most men delude themselves with the idea that they are naturally endowed with abilities for all purposes, but circumstances have retarded the full development of their faculties. We accordingly have tinkers mending the constitutions of the several States, which our forefathers imagined were framed by the wisest sages of their times; and we behold the artist, whose business it is to heel-tap our soles and patch up our understanding, gravely revising the decisions of our highest judicial tribunals, reversing their judgments, and satisfying an approving audience that he and the chief justice of the United States should change positions for the benefit of the universal human family. *Nec sutor ultra crepidam.*

There is not a venerable crone, whose wisdom consists in a portion of Esau's peculiar beauty on

her chin, and who may have prepared a salve to cure a disease, very annoying to the motive-power of fubsy dowagers, and celebrated on the hoofs of Cæsar's horse, who does not imagine that the mantle of Galen has descended on her shoulders, and that the whole medical faculty, compared to her in the healing art, are immeasurably worse than even old women. When some fashionable finisher of the human form divine, has managed to equip a non-descript so as to pass muster in a ball-room, whose proper place of exhibition would have been a menagerie of strange animals, but that the good-nature of naturalists, stretching to the extent Monboddo's theory, classified him as belonged to those who form the first connecting link with human beings—we behold him, like Ancient Pistol, strutting about as if the world were his oyster, and imagining that all gazers are his admirers, and vainly striving to become his icon—and then he shows his paces and his graces, to make manifest the utter futility of the attempt of his uninitiated imitators.

The female belonging to this variety, as entomologists term it, labor under a similar delusion; and when they have buckled on their panoply, and

sally forth for mighty deeds of arms, they feel themselves as invulnerable as Achilles, unmindful that, like him, one spot is frequently left unguarded—the heel! Better remain within their fortress and darn their hose before they march to the battle-field. Many a captive, who has fallen prostrate at the victor's feet, has miraculously escaped through an unsightly hole espied in a dirty stocking. Linnæus has clearly demonstrated that all perfect Heliconii and Nymphales, most thoroughly cleanse themselves of the remains of the Larvæ and Pupa state, before they venture to appear as the Imago.

A scribbler who has written a sonnet on a setter slut will class himself among literary characters, and because Shakspeare and Milton both wrote sonnets, he entertains a fraternal feeling for them, and that they may not be forgotten, he condescends to review the dramas of the one, and the Paradise Lost of the other; and it is a daily entertainment to hear pot-house politicians pronouncing judgment upon the gravest questions of national policy, and measuring the ocean of intellect of profound statesmen by the shallow capacity of their own conceited craniums.

But what is the result of this self-esteem-

assumption of the tripod—supposed ability for all things? Most who entertain such an exaggerated estimate of themselves, become dissatisfied with the pursuit in which they were instructed, and looking with envy upon the success of others in a different calling, they listen to the promptings of vanity, and imagine they would have been equally prosperous had they adopted the same course. They abandon a trade in which they have skill, and steer their frail bark into an untried channel, which almost invariably conducts them to wreck and ruin, and society loses an adept in an important pursuit, and gains a miserable quack in another, who brings disgrace and poverty upon himself, and injury to those who are sufficiently credulous to entrust him.

By way of illustration, suppose a village where the blacksmith, from having been a farrier, turns physician, and is prepared to bleed and drench any donkey—biped or quadruped—who will entrust his life in his hands, and the disciple of Galen exchanges his pestle and mortar for the sledge and anvil. We may safely assert there would be but little entertainment for either man or horse in that village. The tailor, from having made many suits, imagines that he could conduct one as well as the attorney, and

they accordingly change positions. What would be the result? It is proverbial, that when a man goes to law, he will certainly have his coat stripped from his back—and perhaps he deserves it; but if the village litigants should be so fortunate as to prove the proverb a fallacy, and escape with a certain portion of those external embellishments which Adam, when he made his entré into the wide world, thought it decent and proper to put on, they must go about in their shirt-sleeves, or wear garments of more fantastic fashion than the party-colored coat which the fond old patriarch made for his favorite child. Although there are instances of legal scoundrels being made of very indifferent tailors—for lawyers are now manufactured from all sorts of mongrel material—yet it is not of record that a pettifogging lawyer ever made even a tolerable tailor, from which it may be inferred that the villagers would soon desire to behold their Knight of the Goose and Shears seated, like the god Vishnu, cross-legged, on his shop-board again, making pockets for others to pick, and the lawyer-tailor attending to his legitimate pursuit of stripping backs instead of covering them.

It is a dogma that all men are born free and equal,

consequently all factitious distinctions have very properly been abolished from among us. We look with sovereign contempt upon a star and garter, intended to distinguish one mass of conceited mortality from another, but at the same time frequently derogate from high moral worth and intellectual endowment when they combine to create pre-eminent distinction. We shrink instinctively from all titles, such as—my lord, count, duke, or prince—for they are the Shibboleth to test our sense of equality; and yet every man in the limited circle of his acquaintance has a whole regiment of captains, colonels, majors and corporals, every one of whom would feel curtailed of his fair proportions, if his title of distinction be omitted; and if you write to your tailor—as that important artist was styled in the olden time, but mercer in this age of improvement—to send home your galligaskins, you wound to the very quick his chivalrous spirit and delicate sense of etiquette, if you fail to attach esquire to his name.

Self-esteem is illustrated by an anecdote related by the Duke of Saxe-Weimer, in his book of travels through this country. He was waiting in front of a tavern for a stage-coach, when the driver accosted

him thus: "Are you the man who is going to Concord; if so, get in—for I am the gentleman that's to drive you." Now there was a man of keen perceptive faculties. True, he failed to discover the gentleman in the duke, but the gentleman, with all his inherent rights, titles and appurtenances, could not escape him when he contemplated the coach-driver.

We cling to petty distinctions, however insignificant, and accordingly address some by the title of "your excellency;" and others we style "the honorable;" though at times it happens that they never possessed one spark of excellence or honor on God's earth, until we thought proper to make them either a governor, a judge, or a member of Congress. This silly vanity is increasing to such an extent that the time must arrive when we shall be unable to find a private and untitled citizen in the whole United States. We shall become a perfect anomaly on the map of the world, presenting a nation composed altogether of corporals and generals, judges and governors—or at least, not to speak it profanely—justices of the peace.

Although, as a nation, we are ever ready to magnify the worth of our great departed—the sages of the revolution—and with one accord admit that

there were giants on the earth in those days, we are blind to the fact, though the civilized world bears voluntary testimony to its truth, that there are giants in this nation even now. But, unfortunately, self-conceit and envy, have generated myriads of little Davids in the land, who imagine they possess the ability with their pebble-slings to reach the radiant foreheads of those giants, and bring them to the dust; and what is rather remarkable, these pigmy Davids, in the vanity of their ambition, aim at slaughtering Goliahs only. Self-importance, with a smack of envy, soon begets the spirit of detraction—all things on earth pay tribute to detraction. It is a tax which the little and envious exact from the great and good; but no nation can become truly great without entertaining an honest veneration for the characters of its distinguished citizens.

What would have been the history of Ancient Greece and Rome but one noisome record of aggression and voluptuousness, had it not been for their philosophers, statesmen, patriots, and poets. Those nations are indebted for their permanent glory to the exalted virtues of individuals; for their downfall and degradation to the weakness and vices of

the multitude. Let us not become weary of hearing Aristides called the Just, but rather render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. Sustain those whom merit has exalted, and not from envy, attempt to pull them down to our individual level. The reckless and imbecile defamer should ever bear in mind, that although the filthy snail may leave his slimy trace even on God's sacred altar, that altar is still as sacred, and is approached by the pure and just with undiminished veneration, notwithstanding the mark of the snail may continue for a time.

BATOR, THE DERVISE.

In the olden time there dwelt near Basra, a poor dervise by the name of Bator. He belonged to the most rigid and pure of their numerous orders, and such was his zeal that he refused to recognise the Naeshbendies as belonging to their fraternity, for they mingled with mankind as other men, while he dwelt in a cave secluded and alone. No human ear heard his incessant shout—"Ya hu! ya Allah!"—that commenced with the morning sun, and ceased not, until he fell through exhaustion at midnight, on the bed of spikes he had prepared to receive him. No one beheld the unsightly wounds he had inflicted in the zeal of his devotion; and not even Allah himself heard a sigh of anguish at his sufferings.

There were good genii in those days. They knew that Bator wished to strip off all human frailty, and cultivate alone those virtues that would render him acceptable in the sight of Allah. His

prayers at length were heard; the few evil passions he possessed were exorcised, and charity, mercy, benevolence, and all the heavenly emanations that mortal may attain, came and took up their dwelling in the lonely cell of Bator.

He was now happy; no mortal more so. Surrounded alone by virtues, the solitude re-echoed his incessant cry—"Ya hu! ya Allah! Praise to thee! I am not as a Naeshbendie, and dwell not among sinful men." And then he would scourge his flesh, and stretch himself upon his bed of torture, and turn smiling, for the approval of the heavenly attributes, who sat drowsily beside him—all save Pity, who at times would drop a tear as she beheld his sufferings.

Thus years passed away, and the guests of Bator, from sheer idleness, slumbered undisturbed even by his shouts of devotion, and Pity herself had no longer the tribute of a tear to offer.

One day as he beheld them sleeping, and thought—"why is it they sleep?"—he heard a voice cry—"Bator, come forth!" and suddenly there appeared at the door of his cell the most beautiful and fascinating figure, the imagination of the recluse could conceive. She was attired in a fantastic manner, and in the brightest colours, but

every movement was full of grace and seduction. The hermit felt her influence, and tried to woo her to his cell—"I may not dwell with thee there," she cried, "I should perish soon. But arise, Bator, and come forth, and I am thine." It was beyond the power of the dervise to resist, he rushed into the embrace of the tempter; and all the virtues that were slumbering in his cell, suddenly awoke, and followed him. The gay visitant was Vanity.

She led Bator and his train to Basra, and as they mingled in the populous city, the dervise found that the virtues that had hitherto slept were now even prompting him to deeds of benevolence. Charity opened his hand, and Pity the fountain of tears, while Vanity prevented him from relaxing in his labours. There passed not a day in which Bator did not some good; and his fame spread abroad until it reached the ears of the Shiek of Basra, who made him his public almoner, and then the dervise cried, "Ya hu! ya! Allah! Praise to thee!—thou hast made me a Naeshbendie, to live among men as other men"—and it was a saying of his to the day of his death, that "all the virtues are of little use to the human heart, if we strip it of the frailties of mortality; for they would seldom go far from home if they were not accompanied by Vanity."

AZIB AND HIS FRIENDS.

AZIB's father was a wealthy merchant of Bagdad. He did not garner to gratify avarice or ostentation, but that his strength might sustain the feeble and unfortunate. Azib, full of intelligence and benevolence, was the pride and joy of his father's soul; and when the old man was dying, he blessed him, and said, "Thou hast been to me, my son, all I could have asked of Heaven to make earth heaven; and though you have dimmed my old eyes with many a tear, they were but tears of gratitude to Omnipotence for making me the father of such a son." The dying blessing was a richer inheritance to Azib than all his father's wealth.

Azib had now many friends, for he was liberal in aiding those less prosperous than himself. On the anniversary of his birth-day he entertained them splendidly, and even the caliph could scarcely have numbered as many friends as surrounded Azib on

that occasion. A feast will furnish the rich man with many friends, but very few friends will furnish the poor man with a feast. Among the guests, Azib discerned one whose graceful movements riveted his attention; he was charmed with him, but he could not recognize him, for his features were hidden by an impervious mask. The stranger appeared to be familiar with all the company, yet all avoided him. Azib requested his guests to introduce him, but all disavowed the slightest knowledge of the stranger. Azib approached the intruder, gave him a cordial welcome, and asked his name.

"Not at present," he replied. "I am the bosom companion of all your friends, yet they are ashamed to acknowledge me in your presence. My appearance seems to please you; still, at some future day, when you thoroughly know me, you will recoil from me with disgust."

Azib smiled, and taking him by the hand, said: "You are frank, however, my friend. Come, our feast is ready; and though your friends may disown you, sit at my right hand at the head of the table."

It was a joyous festival; the guests smiled to behold the favor that Azib bestowed upon the stranger, who chuckled with such inward delight, that it was

with difficulty he prevented the mask from falling from his countenance.

Years passed away. There is no well so deep but that it may be drained. Azib's wealth was now exhausted, like a spring in a dry season, that had supplied manifold babbling streams, which never return a drop to the fountain head, but when exhausted, unmindful of the days of plentitude, reproach their source with the last drop given.

In his difficulties, Azib gave a feast, confident that his friends would be anxious to return him the money he had loaned them, and relieve him from his embarrassment. All assembled at the time appointed, with smiling faces, and the man in the mask, though not invited, was among them. Azib made his necessities known to each, but so far from being grateful for benefits conferred, they excused themselves from being even honest. As a last resource, he appealed to his unknown guest, who laughed in his face, and turning on his heel, mingled among the guests, shaking each cordially by the hand; they knew him now, returned the grasp, and smiled.

"And who are you, sir?" demanded Azib of the stranger, "who appear so intimate with my friends."

"That is of little moment now," he replied, with a sneer, "as it is improbable that I shall ever cross your threshold again."

"Unmask, that I may see your face."

"As you please. I have no longer any reason to conceal my features, homely as they are, since your dispensing power is at an end." The mask fell, and Azib recoiled from the repulsive object, who coolly continued: "Well, I perceive you do not admire my appearance. If you wish never to see me again, there is but one way by which you can avoid my intrusion."

"Name it; anything to escape your presence."

"It is simply this—never confer a benefit on your fellow-man, and henceforth I shall not trouble you."

"But who are you? Answer me."

"The paymaster of your many friends."

"Your name?"

"INGRATITUDE." Saying which, he joined the other guests, and they hurried away to lighter-hearted companions, for it was too painful for their delicate feelings to behold a benefactor in adversity.

Azib was now alone; no one to condole with or encourage him. His first reflections were bitter,

but he soon tore from his bosom the serpents that were coiling within him. He exclaimed:

"Never confer a benefit on my fellow-man!—Shall I not hand a crutch to the cripple, lest, when strengthened, he turn it as a weapon against me? Shall I not give bread to the famished, for fear his fangs may wound the hand that feeds him? Death were better than life, deprived of the power of doing good and of forgiving injury. And how dare man repine at ingratitude, since it is the most common vice of his nature, and daily manifested towards his God. All the good bestowed upon him in this world is overlooked, until he finds it necessary to pray for greater in the world to come. The true man never repines at his own afflictions, when he reflects upon the suffering that the ingratitude of the universe hurls back to the fountain of beneficence. May my heart cease to beat when it has no room for benevolence towards man and gratitude to God."

A mendicant now entered the deserted hall of Azib, and asked for food. The master of the feast placed the beggar at his board, and with his own hands served him with the best.

"You appear dejected," said the mendicant.

"For a time only," replied Azib; "the darkest night must soon give place to morning, and the sun will shine forth again."

"True, but where will his rays fall to give light and life? Even the sun rejoices in the lofty and proud places, but leaves the obscure valleys shivering in darkness. Although the shades of night have already taken possession of yon mountain's base, ascend, and you will still find the golden glories of the setting sun encircling its brow, proud to pay homage. A few short living rays of his cheering influence would make the valleys smile with gratitude, but they are withheld."

"Man imitates the example of the sun," replied Azib; "for even the sun himself may rise gorgeously, but let him set in clouds and tempest, and the splendor of the morn will be forgotten until he shines forth again."

The mendicant, refreshed, pursued his journey. Azib's career was one of struggle, without friends or relatives to aid or encourage him. They had little else to bestow than reproof for having lost what he once possessed. Still he was happy, and daily returned thanks for the little his efforts yielded.

Years passed, and again the mendicant called at

the now humble dwelling of Azib, and asked for food and shelter. Both were bestowed as freely as when he was entertained in a palace. When the old man was refreshed, Azib discovered, for the first time, that a singularly beautiful companion, in the vigor of youth accompanied him.

"You have a companion, I perceive; will he not feed also."

"He fed as I fed. You see he is refreshed, and smiles cheerfully."

"His features are your own, though brighter.—Who is he?"

"The first-born of my soul."

"Your first-born! You are aged and apparently worn down with a long life of care, while he is still in the vigor of boyhood. How can that be?"

"His beauty can never fade, and he can never grow old, for he has little to do in this world; while my daily trials have left their wrinkled record on my brow, and furrowed channels in my cheeks for tears."

"His name?"

"GRATITUDE. He and myself will never leave you; for on a former occasion, you gave us an invitation to stay with you through life, and we are here."

"I understand you not! Invite you for life! I am poor; still you are welcome."

"Remember your words when in deep affliction —'May my heart cease to beat when it has no room for benevolence towards man and gratitude to God.'"

"Still, I know you not."

"Yet I have been the inmate of your heart from its first pulsation. Man boasts of his wisdom, even while blindly ignorant of that which dwells within him! At my birth I was called BENEVOLENCE.— My life has been most active; incessantly required to perform the most arduous duties; and where I most expected the cheering approbation of my son, he has withheld the light of his countenance. He is a wayward boy, though he doats on his father; and my fondness for him is such, that at times I am sick even to death at his long absence."

From that day Azib and his guests dwelt together, and their wealth increased, until, from the position of an humble dealer, Azib became the wealthiest merchant in Bagdad. Then his kindred, from the nearest of blood to the most remote, flocked around him, open-mouthed in praise of his sagacity; clamorous in asking his advice, and in the same breath

his assistance. His friends were now so numerous that he could not name them; they were once so few that he labored under a similar difficulty. His coffers were constantly open, and old Benevolence, who was the cash-keeper, industriously scattered the contents with a self-satisfied and idiotic smile.—Gratitude, at times, would look exceedingly blank, and remark—

"Father, with all due appreciation for the purity of your motives, may the Prophet pardon me, when I most respectfully suggest, sir, that I consider you a consummate old fool."

"Son," replied the old man, with becoming dignity, "I care not a fig for what you think. True, I do a great many foolish things which you never mention; but if I were to await your slow-paced sanction, before I perform my duty, my office would be a sinecure." Saying which, he thrust his hands into the coffers, and scattering the gold broadcast, exclaimed, with an air of importance—"There, take an account of that, you idle scamp. There, there; I will find you employment."

"You will never hear of a sequen of it from me, father. It will be picked up by those who use my name most familiarly, protesting that I am never

absent from them, though they never beheld me, and care not a rush for me."

Azib overheard them. He smiled somewhat sadly, while raising his hand towards heaven, but it fell upon the old man's head, and he patted it fondly. Gratitude raised the uplifted hand to point above, his face all radiant as the morning sun—"There, there!" he cried.

"Right, right, my child!" exclaimed Benevolence. "There, there alone. HE gave us all; and no one but you can teach us to deserve it." Gratitude fell upon the neck of Azib, and a copious flood of tears bedewed his bosom, and the old man chuckled, as a father, in his second childhood, would over a reclaimed son, and he scattered from the abundance before him as if it were but child's play, and he had escaped from leading-strings thrown around him by his favorite child.

Azib died, and, of course, was followed to the grave by an extended retinue. "Man is a noble animal; splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature." After the funeral came a feast which was more speedly buried than poor

Azib, for there is nothing like grief for whetting the appetite for a funeral festival. When gorged to the gullet, some thought it appropriate to commend the virtues of the departed, to which his immediate heirs yielded a cold assent, tempered by a censure for his misplaced extravagance. With prudence, he would have died more wealthy.

The man in the mask was present, for he is ever in the house of mourning when it becomes the house of feasting. "O man, thou fool!" he exclaimed, "he who would die deplored should die poor, leaving idle ingrates dependent on his labor for their bread and shelter. Hunger will make them mourn without the aid of hypocritical tears. But die wealthy, and your heirs will make a merry feast, and dance on your grave before the grass is green; and if perchance they revert to your memory, it is but to deplore that on some particular occasion you failed to increase their inheritance."

The day appointed for reading the will arrived.—All again assembled, more serious than at his funeral. No will was found; and then the heirs, in disputing about their individual rights, became as clamorous as crows dissecting carrion. They thought little of the living Azib, who was pure

gold, but very much of the dross he had left in passing through the fiery furnaces of this world. All were now disposed to gather up the fragments of the eaten feast, and see that nothing was lost, though no one had a scrap to throw upon the same board, when famine shrieked there.

When the contest was at its height, old Benevolence drew a paper from his bosom, and applying the thumb of his dexter hand to the termination of his nasal organ, at the same time vibrating significantly the extended digits, coolly and emphatically exclaimed, in pure Arabic, "You can't come it, no how you can fix it. Here is his will; I am his sole heir; and what is better, his executor also!" A half-suppressed chuckle shook his old frame, and a sardonic twinkle danced in his eyes, which, however, no sooner beamed, than it was quenched by a tear of pity for their disappointment. The man in the mask meandered gracefully through the assemblage, bestowing upon each a fashionable salutation of condolence, then clapped his hands as if he were the floor manager of a modern menagerie ball, cried aloud, "choose your partners!" then, with a harlequin leap—*stampede in uno*, he extended his dexter pedestal, which vibrated as if touched with St.

Vitus' dance, which exhibition was succeeded by an unparalleled number of pirouettes. After this, he contorted his attenuated figure into all sorts of angles and curves, as if he were resolving a problem in Euclid by ocular demonstration; he significantly snapped his thumb and finger, as much as to say—"Azib be hanged! Promenade! Forward two!—Go it you cripples!" He led the way to the graceful measure of an expressive dance, now familiarly known to all enlightened nations by the euphonical title of the polka. The heirs silently dropped into the retinue, two by two; but their movements were by no means as nimble and hilarious as when they followed Azib to the grave. Now Gratitude came in to see how the fortune would be disposed of by the old man, whose youth seemed to be renewed by his inheritance.

They walked through the streets of Bagdad hand in hand, in search of the feeble and the oppressed; such as adversity had rendered so unsightly, as to curdle the milk of humanity in the breast of charity. His pensioners consisted principally of destitute and care-worn old women, with scarce sufficient strength to bear them to the grave. His presence, however, renewed the flickering lamp of life, and his atten-

tions became so marked, that his son, in alarm, expostulated against his imprudence.

"Old gentleman," he said, "allow me to intimate that your motives are misunderstood; that you are losing caste daily, and what is worse, the old ladies are looked upon with a suspicious eye. Consider their reputation."

"Reputation! Fudge! They need not be alarmed about that. No one will take it from them, for there is nothing to be made out of it. It is of no use to any one but the owner, and frequently of very little use to him. If it were worth a fig, they would have been robbed of it long ago."

"You are called an old reprobate!"

"What do I care for that? But reproof comes with an ill grace from you, for already you have made a deeper impression on the old ladies' hearts, than all that I have done."

"Father, that is true; I confess that, as you opened the door, I quietly crept in."

"Then oblige me by quietly creeping out again, for I have all my life been trying to get absolute possession of an old woman's heart, without success, for, I assure you, it is no small undertaking. If you want a job, see what impression you can make upon

the hearts of the young and beautiful; leave the old and tough to me."

"I would rather break stone in the streets of Bagdad. Vanity can find an easy entrance there, and rich entertainment; while I too frequently, after snapping, with patience, the iron-bound barriers, have found myself famished in an empty citadel, from which I was speedily ejected by vanity and affectation. I am perfectly at home in the hearts of your poor pensioners, and as you do not expect me to work hard there, I will take my repose in their bosoms."

"Then let us finish the work we have in hand."

Gratitude followed the footsteps of Benevolence as he performed the labors of love, and the recipients of his bounty became so enamoured with the heavenly smile of Gratitude, that finally their shrivelled features were moulded into the beauty and freshness of his own. The work progressed until they had fashioned from the refuse of mortality, immortals, more bright and beautiful than the houries that revel in the imaginary paradise of Mahomet.

"The work is done!" cried Gratitude, "but father, you have been extravagant, in your day."

"True; but one smile of yours always repays me

tenfold, and without that smile, we could never have revivified our old women into angels. They loved you, boy, in their dotage. But you seem restive. Where are going now?"

"To carry our work home, and render an account of your stewardship. There, there, to the place from whence we came."

"But when shall we meet again?"

"As soon as you find another Azib who will entrust you with the disposal of his fortune; for until then, you will have but little employment for me on earth."

Benevolence, now destitute and alone, pursued a thankless labor, until his countenance became so care-worn and repulsive that even the scalding tears he shed for the unfortunate were rejected, for they seemed to be forced from an iron heart, to bedew a channel in the haggard features of misanthropy.—"Alas!" he sighed, "with Azib's wealth I was welcomed by all—from the pauper to the prince;—but unassisted, my *best wishes* are flowerless and fruitless; they cannot call forth even a smile from Gratitude."

MY UNCLE NICHOLAS.

"Call no man happy 'till you know the nature of his death; he is at best but fortunate."—SOLON TO CRESUS.

TIME eats the children he begets, and the memories of few men outlive their monuments; nay, myriads pass into oblivion even before the elements have sullied their epitaph. My uncle Nicholas, notwithstanding his deserts, has not escaped this order of things. I knew him in the April of my years—the flower-time of my life; and as my mind reverts to those sunny days, the first object it rests upon is the beloved image of my uncle Nicholas.

He was a placid being, overflowing with the best of humanities. His heart and his doors were open to all his fellow beings, and there was not a creature endued with animal life, towards which he did not studiously avoid giving pain. His dogs loved him, and he could not walk abroad into his fields but his cattle followed him, and fed out of his hand.

"He was a scholar, a ripe and a good one," at

least I viewed him as such in my boyhood. His mind was stored with good learning, but his favorite companions were those hearty old poets who have retained their freshness for centuries, and who possess a re-productive faculty that will make them blossom through succeeding ages. With what delight would he pore over the harmonious numbers of Spencer, and Drayton, and Drummond, and the vigorous dramatists of those times! and there was scarcely a gem of the minor poets that he had not culled to grace his memory. These he would recite with all the feeling and enthusiasm of early life, and at times I imagined they were golden links that inseparably bound him to his boyhood. They appeared to possess the faculty of making him young again.

He was a quiet humorist, but with no more gall than might be found in a dove. His face was ever mantling with some pleasant thought, and his mind flowed on as gently as a secret brook, that ever and anon dimples and smiles at its own babbling.

He was married, and my aunt was one of the gentlest of creatures. You might have searched the world without finding a pair whose hearts and minds so perfectly harmonized. She was a deli-

cately attuned instrument, ever breathing the softest music; never depressed to sadness, and seldom exhilerated beyond a placid smile. If perchance she laughed, it was at some jest of my uncle Nicholas; not that it excited her risible faculties, but that she perceived by the mantling of his countenance there was more intended than came within the scope of her apprehension; and she would laugh outright that he might more fully enjoy the freak of his imagination. How they loved each other!

My uncle dwelt on a farm on the outskirts of a village. He had selected it as a residence in early life, and had lived long enough to see the primitive settlement assume something like a name on the map of his country. He was identified with the spot; all the villagers in a measure looked upon him as a patriarch, and even the children would break off their amusements to salute him as he passed; and he ever had a kind word and a jest to bestow upon the humblest of the little troglodytes. They all called him uncle Nicholas, and he was so kind to them, that many grew up in the belief that he was actually the uncle of the whole village.

His residence was a delightful spot. His farm

was well cultivated, and his buildings, while they afforded every comfort, were not so ostentatious as to awaken the envy of his less prosperous neighbors. A river flowed beside it, and in the rear were shady walks of sugar maple, to which the villagers would resort of a summer afternoon for recreation, and few would fail in returning to stop at my uncle's cottage and partake of the hospitality of his board. Indeed he and his were looked upon as common property.

At these social gatherings, all the belles of the village would rival each other to secure my uncle's attention. He was ever the gayest among the gay, while his gentle manners and playful fancy ministered to the delight of all; and it was amusing to behold the quiet complacency of my aunt as she gazed on his little gallantries, and to watch her countenance gradually light up, as her mind would pass from the scene before her, to the halcyon days when he wooed and won her, and then she would turn to her next neighbor and whisper in a tone mingled with pride and fondness, "You see his winning ways have not yet left him." And then she would smile and look on in silence, as if life

could afford no delight like gazing on my uncle Nicholas, when he was happy.

Happy!—The heavens themselves are never so bright and clear, but that a cloud overshadows some portion, and there lives not that man whose mind is so free, but that at some period a phantom pursues it, from which he fears escape is impossible. My uncle's phantom was the dread of poverty. He had lived generously and from his habits and tone of mind was ill calculated to increase his possessions. As he advanced in life he perceived that his property had imperceptibly wasted away; and to increase his terrors, there was a lawsuit against him that had been pending many years. He dreaded its termination would result in ruin, though convinced that justice was on his side; but the boasted trial by jury is by no means as infallible, as its encomiasts pretend, for it is a difficult matter for one man who does not understand his case to explain to twelve who frequently are incapable of comprehending the matter under any circumstances. And by this frail tenure do we cling to our possession of liberty and life. The sword of Damocles is a type of the trial by jury.

It was a melancholy sight to behold the old

gentleman, term after term, attending court to learn the issue of his cause. It absorbed all his faculties and sapped the very foundation of his mind. He was wont to have a word and a cheerful smile for all he met, but now he would pass his next neighbor, without token of recognition. His little friends, the children, no longer followed him. His favorite volumes remained undusted on the shelves —their charm had passed away, and those vernal fancies, that were wont to make his heart like a singing bird in spring, had died and it sung no more.

He would at times struggle to disengage his mind from the phantom that embraced it with iron clutches, and affect more cheerfulness in the presence of my aunt, for he perceived that his melancholy was contagious. How tenderly she watched over him, and soothed him and encouraged him! God bless her!—At one of those tender interviews which were frequent, he appeared suddenly animated with hope—the world was open to him—he was a man and could labor like other men—his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed, exultingly:

"The spider taketh hold with her hands and is

in king's palaces."—He fondly looked into the recess of his wife's heart through her glistening eyes, and continued. "The ants are a people not strong."—He paused, and finished the proverb in a tone scarcely audible,—"yet they prepare their meat in the summer.—Alas! the snows of many winters are on my head."—A tear dropped from his eye on the pale forehead of the partner of his bosom. She consoled him no more that day.

He had contracted various small debts with the tradesmen of the village, among whom were some new-comers who had not known him in his palmy days. And even if they had, the chances are that it would not have altered their conduct towards him. Few men make an ægis of the past to shield them from present evils. True, he has been as liberal as the sun that shines on all alike without distinction but how soon do we forget the splendor of yesterday, if the sun rise in clouds to-morrow.

His creditors became impatient, and though there was some hesitation in taking out the first execution, yet that being done, others followed as regularly as links of the same chain. There was a time when he felt as confident and secure among the villagers as in the bosom of his own family; but now there was

no longer safety for the sole of his foot on his hearth-stone. He was humbled, and he moved among his neighbors, a broken down man, with fear and trembling, dreading all whom he chanced to meet.

At length his library was seized upon and sold. His books were of no great value to any other than himself, but he prized them beyond every thing. He had bought them in his boyhood; to lose them was to sever the chain that bound him to happier days, and as he beheld them scattered one by one, he wept as if they had been things of life that had abandoned him in his misfortunes.

It was a melancholy sight to behold him after this event, seated in his study, gazing on the empty shelves, and repeating various choice passages from his favorite volumes. I witnessed him once, looking intently on the vacant spot where a fine old copy of Herrick's poems had stood for near half a century. I knew the place well, for at that time it was my delight to delve for the pure ore of that "very best of English lyric poets." A melancholy smile came over his bland countenance, and he repeated, in a low tremulous voice:

Call me no more,
As heretofore,
    The music of the feast;
Since now alas!
The mirth that was
    In me, is dead or ceased.

Before I went
To banishment
    Into the loathed west;
I could rehearse
A lyric verse
    And speak it with the best

But time, ah me!
Has laid, I see,
    My organ fast asleep;
And turn'd my voice
Into the noise
    Of those that sit and weep.

His eyes slowly moved along the empty shelves until they rested upon a place that had been occupied by a collection of the old dramatists. He smiled, though he shed tears,

"Beshrew me, but thy song hath moved me." I turned from the window through which I was gazing, unperceived, and left him breathing fragment upon fragment.

My uncle was accustomed to rise with the sun, and continued his habit to the last. But he no longer enjoyed the songs of the birds, the babbling of the waterfall, nor the fresh breeze of the morning laden with fragrance—their influence had departed from them; still he adhered to his custom, and would wander from his green meadows to the maple grove and from the grove to the river, as if in pursuit of something—he knew not what. On his return, his usual remark was, "Is it not strange that the flowers should have lost their fragrance, and the little birds their skill in singing?" In happier days how he would praise the flowers and the birds!

As term-time approached, his malady ever increased. His morning meal would scarcely be over when he would adjust his dress, and call for his hat and cane, and on being asked whither he was going, he would invariably reply, "To the village to see my friends. Of late they have ceased to come here, and it is right that I should see them." He would for hours walk from one end of the village to the other, and bow to all who accosted him, yet pause to converse with none; and on his return, when my good aunt would inquire whether he had

seen his friends, the constant reply was, "No, I have fallen in with none of them." Alas! my poor uncle, how thy brain must have been shattered to imagine that a man in adversity can ever find his friends!

At length the dreaded day arrived—his cause was marked for trial, and in a few hours the result would be known. The matter in dispute was not of such a great moment, but he had brooded over it until his fears had magnified it to vital importance. His opponent was a course and brutal man, and in their protracted contest, the abruptness of his demeanor had awakened whatever latent asperity had found a hiding place in my uncle's bosom. He looked upon that cause, trifling as it was, as the most important matter of his life. His daily thoughts and irritated feeling had magnified it. Even the little ant by constant application can create a mound altogether disproportionate to its size, and there is not a column so beautiful that may not be defaced by the trail of a slimy snail. My poor uncle feared the ant-hill and recoiled at the filth of the worm.

The morning his cause was to be tried, he dressed himself with unusual care, and my aunt, knowing

the bent of his mind, exercised all her little appliances to encourage him. He went to the court house, and took his seat, a dejected man. He looked around as if in search of some one to sit beside him to aid and sustain him, but none such were present, and he sat alone.

The cause was called, the jury empanelled, and the investigation proceeded. Every question that arose in its progress, wrought up my uncle's mind to painful intensities. In the ardor of his feelings he at times interrupted the proceedings, and was rudely ordered by the court to sit down and be silent. He obeyed, while every fibre of his frame shook with passion, and offended pride. His opponent smiled in triumph as he beheld his confusion. He sat alone; no one approached to sympathize with him, and he felt as if deserted by all. In consequence of the distracted state of his mind, his defence, though a just one, had been imperfectly made out. Facts had escaped his memory; papers were missing that should have been produced, and the result was, the jury returned a verdict against him without leaving the box. It fell like a thunderbolt upon him; he fancied the last business of his life was over, and in the triumph of the

moment, his adversary taunted him, and openly charged him with dishonesty. The old man rose to repel the insult, while every limb shook with passion as if palsy-struck. All was confusion. The judges interferred to preserve order. My uncle heard them not. He was commanded to sit down, but still persisted to vindicate his character. A second—a third time was he called upon to sit down and be silent, which awakened him to a sense of his position. He beheld his antagonist still smiling; he slowly sunk into his seat, and as if abashed, his head hung over his bosom, and gradually descended until it rested on the desk before him. Order was again restored, and the court proceeded in its business. A few moments after, some one approached my uncle, and on raising him, he was found to be dead!

Thus died that good old man. There was a time when I looked upon him being secure from the shafts of fate: but who may boast of to-morrow! He was wealthy, had health and friends, and his gentle spirit made his home a paradise. His sources of enjoyment were boundless, for all nature, from her sublimest mysteries, even down to the petals of a simple flower was one mighty minister, and he

drew wisdom and delight from all. And yet a single cloud was magnified until it overshadowed his heaven of happiness, and he died friendless and heartbroken, all had vanished that made earth beautiful. But is this strange?—The flowers of life pass away as the flowers of the seasons, without our being conscious of the cause of their decay, and there breathes not that man, however prosperous, but like my poor uncle, hath his phantom, and in time, discovers that "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

DYDIMUS DUMPS.

"On Horror's head horrors accumulate."

SOME are enamoured of the graceful movements of a horse, others of a painted, dancing gipsy; some pass their lives in examining the petal of a flower, or the brilliancy of a bug—some disregard the earth and read the heavens, while others find nothing half so beautiful in all creation as a well-cooked terrapin or partridge pie. Dydimus Dumps belonged to neither of these varieties—he eschewed the beautiful; his taste was for the horrible.

The parentage, education and pursuits of Dydimus tended to develop this prominent feature in his character. His father was a little, consumptive tailor, who was obliged to ply his needle incessantly for cabbage, and as tailors are proverbially melancholic, his hard fate, acting on his temperament, according to the settled laws of Gall and Spurzheim, rendered him as solemn and mysterious as a tomb-

stone without an epitaph. Subsequently he turned to exhorting in the conventicle, which increased the longitude and acerbity of his meagre visage, and also the sonorous bass of his deep-toned nasal organ. Spirit of Slawkenberges! with such a second, you might have deceived the dry bones of the valley with the belief that the diapason of universal nature had been rudely set in motion, and that it was time to come forth and attune their pipes to concert pitch.

His favorite text was the transgression of mother Eve, against whom he declaimed unmercifully, not so much on account of her having brought sin and death into the world, but that for her curiosity he never would have been condemned to the unappreciated and indispensable vocation of finishing man's god-like form in such a fashion as to appear in decent society. Pure nature shrinks abashed when castigated by conventional rules. A babe denuded of its swaddling clothes may not cut its caprioles on a Brussels' carpet, without awakening spasmodic delicacy in the painted face of factitious modesty, that never blushed in the dark.

The mother of our hero was a layer out of the dead, and from her calling she imagined herself a

sort of connecting link between this world and the next—a hyphen between time and eternity. Dydimus, in early childhood, attended her on these solemn missions, and he claimed it as a prescriptive right to officiate as chief-mourner in all fashionable funeral processions. It was flattering to his juvenile ambition, and that his grief might be rendered the more impressive, his considerate mother invariably harnessed him in the longest weeds and weepers, and the best black silk gloves that the bereaved relatives had furnished to make a public demonstration of their secret sorrow. Such was the serious cast of his mind in his early years, that he despised the restraint of the ordinary system of education, and actually made considerable progress in the alphabet by conning over the epitaphs on the tomb-stones, and ultimately acquired as much knowledge of the dead languages as most collegians with the appendix of A. M., LL. D., and A. S. S. to their otherwise insignificant names.

Many years ago I knew Dydimus intimately. He was at that time a middle aged and independent man, having come into possession of the wholesome accretions of his prudent and watchful mother. He was fond of relating narratives of barbarity, whether

fact or fiction, it was immaterial, for he believed all he saw in print, and as I was a patient listener—the most gratifying compliment that can be paid to all old women of either sex—it afforded him infinite pleasure to bestow all his tediousness upon me. His library was limited—"better have a few volumes," said he, "and digest them well, than, as some pretenders to literature, make a large collection without reading beyond the labels." His library consisted of "The Life and Death of Cock-Robin," with colored sculptures—his mother's first present—which time had already rendered exceedingly valuable, for there was no other copy of the same edition extant; Fox's Book of Martyrs, horribly illustrated; the Buccaneers of America, and a History of the Spanish Inquisition. His walls were adorned with pictures in keeping—one of which he highly prized for its antiquity and truth of design. It was the sacrifice of Isaac, taken from a Dutch bible, published in an age when they weather-boarded books, and put iron clasps upon them, anticipating Locke on the Human Understanding—which illustration of that most solemn and impressive narrative, represented the agonized, yet obedient parent, with a huge blunderbuss presented at the breast of his innocent

and unresisting offspring, while an angel, proportioned and appareled like a well-fed Amsterdam belle, seated aloft on a cloud resembling a feather-bed, dropped tears as big as hail-stones in the pan of the fire-lock, while Abraham was in the act of pulling the trigger.

Poets and painters in all ages excite a shudder or a smile by their feeble attempts to bring within our perceptive faculties sublime mysteries over which an impenetrable veil is drawn, yet which the intelligent mind feels and understands without the assistance of corporeal agency. The seminal ideas were implanted at our birth, they grow with our growth, and imperceptibly produce their fruit without the light and heat of external sunshine. How vague are the ideas we entertain of the personal appearance of the angels! Enthusiasts of all nations, arrogantly people the celestial scenery with the female beauty of their own time and clime; and the poetic creation of the Venus de Medici—the softened lineaments of Lucrece Borgia, have been used as the archetypes of the female personages in altar-pieces, before which the purest in heart and the strongest in brain bow with reverence. The countenance and the drapery of angels depend upon the

fashion of the age in which the artist lived, and the nation to which he belonged. Michael Angelo's angels are not those of a modern Italian or a Frenchman—in the age of Elizabeth of England, a high-starched ruff and hooped petticoat were angelic, because they concealed that which would have rendered the saint equivocal—some artists fancy fat angels and others lean, and a Flemish painter of the old school would indignantly reject such angels as they fashion in China or Hindostan, as unworthy of a place in the general exhibition. Even Mahomet's houries will have a hard scratch to hold their own, when the curtain is raised, and myriads of long-forgotten nations—the progeny of orbs unknown to earth—denuded of the costume of time and station, stand forth to be tried by the impartial and immutable test of universal beauty.

But I am losing sight of Mr. Dumps. His regimen was somewhat remarkable. His organ of alimentiveness was largely developed, and his temperament was what phrenologists would pronounce the bilious melancholic, combined with the nervous, and a sprinkle of the lymphatic. This is all Hebrew-Greek to me, but doubtless is correct, for he was an extraordinary man, and richly entitled to all the

temperaments referred to by Gall and Spurzheim. He supped every night on clam fritters, hard-boiled eggs, pickled sturgeon, and raw cabbage, all of which he washed down with an unconstitutional quantity of muddy beer, that he might more fully enjoy the fantastic and horrible caprioles of the night-mare. The profound gravity with which he would attack his nightly repast, would have inspired Apicius with veneration for his gastronomic abilities.

One morning he called upon me, and appearing more dejected than usual, I inquired the cause—he replied:

"I have exhausted all the places of rational amusement in the city, wax-works, puppet-shows, and all. I finally purchased a season-ticket of admission to that meritorious institution called the Washington Museum, esteemed as the only exhibition that could awaken the sensibilities of a delicately attuned and cultivated mind. But I have gazed so long upon the headless trunk of poor Marie Antoinette, the dying Hamilton, Moreau, and many others—including the emaciated Baron Trenck, peeping through the bars of his cage, like Sterne's starling, that they have lost their pungency. The fountain of tears is exhausted, and I am most mise-

rably cheerful. I feel no more pleasure in contemplating the jealous Moor in the act of stabbing his sleeping Desdemona, or Queen Dido preparing to hang herself in her garters, than I do in beholding those immortal worthies, Washington and Franklin, placidly seeming to read unutterable things illegibly scrawled upon a piece of dirty parchment, or the portly William Penn, in the attitude of leading out a fair Quakeress to a country-dance. Nay, you will scarcely credit it, but it is a melancholy fact—I have become so accustomed to the horrible discord of that eternal organ-grinder, who silenced and put the starved treble of fish-wenches out of countenance, that it no longer creates any titillation on my tympanum, but sounds as melodiously as the music of the spheres. I am in absolute despair! What shall I do?"

"You are a bachelor, and rich. Get married."

"That would be horrible, indeed; but then it lasts for life. I wish variety; a monotony of horror would pall upon the palate."

Yet Dydimus was a kind-hearted man. His benefactions were liberally bestowed. His pensioners were comprised of the lame, blind and destitute, whom he visited systematically to drop his unseen

charity, and though he could not minister to their minds by cheerful converse, he never failed to awaken them to a keen sense of their forlorn condition by his tears of sympathy.

"What's to be done!" continued Dydimus. "This dearth of excitement will drive me to do something terrible."

"Do you never go to the theatre?"

"When Cooke was here, I went, but seldom since."

"Go now, and you will find the exhibitions most truly awful."

"Say you so? You cheer me," he exclaimed, leisurely rubbing his hands and smiling like a caput mortuum. "Pray inform me what sort of shows do they exhibit to gratify a cultivated taste?"

"I see it announced that Mr. Stoker will hang himself for the first time, at the circus, this evening, for the edification of an enlightened public."

"Hang himself! That indeed approximates my ideas of the interesting. But is there no humbug about it? I despise humbug."

"I am assured that it falls little short of a bona fide hanging, and that the exhibition is really delightful to those who take pleasure in witnessing executions of the sort."

"I never saw a man hanged in all my life, and as it is probable I never shall, I would not neglect this opportunity of having my ideas enlarged as to the manner of performing this interesting branch of jurisprudence. Will you accompany?"

"With pleasure, as they only hang in jest."

"The real thing must be exciting!"

"Doubtless, and more especially to the principal performer."

We accordingly repaired to the circus at an early hour, and took our seats as soon as the doors were open. Dydimus was impatient until the horsemanship commenced, but as the equestrians performed their feats with so much self-possession, he soon became wearied with the monotony of the exhibition, and emphatically pronounced it to be a popular humbug. At length an *artist* appeared in the arena, mounted without saddle or bridle, who rode like a lunatic flying from his keepers, who had out-voted him on the score of sanity—throwing himself into all perilous attitudes upon his untamed Bucephalus.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Dydimus, "this is reality! What was Geoffrey Gambado or the Macedonian compared to him! The progress of the human faculties toward perfection is wonderful. A few

riding-masters of that description would soon send harness-makers to the region where the son of Philip no longer obstructs the sunshine of Diogenes. He may have conquered a world, but he would not make salt to his porridge if he were a circus-rider in the present age of improvement. A fig for the ancients and their Olympic games."

Mr. Dumps expected every moment to behold the daring rider's brains dashed out, but to his great astonishment, not to say disappointment, the agile equestrian invariably regained his equilibrium when apparently in the most perilous position. The anxiety and all absorbing interest awakened in the mind of Dydimus, became apparent by the contortions of his countenance, and the gyrations of his nervous system. A lad seated beside him, who was "native and to the manner born," and who for some time had watched his movements with mischievous satisfaction, addressed him in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of those around us:

"Stranger, there's no use in fretting your *innards* to fiddle-strings; I know that 'ere covey, and he would see the whole house, managers and all, in a place unfit to mention, before he would break his neck for the amusement of a levy spectator. Remem-

ber we are in the pit, and he can't afford such a show as that for a shilling every day. He will break it on his benefit night; you can go then and get the worth of your money, and encourage merit."

This remark excited the risible faculties of those who overheard it, and Dydimus, disconcerted and looking unutterable things, stammered out:

"Pshaw! Fudge! Do you take me for a greenhorn? I know it all to be catch-penny—consummate humbug—imposture!"

"You wouldn't have him break his neck for a shilling? Posterity, I grant, has never yet done anything for us, but then, only think, how could posterity possibly get along without that man? Let posterity know that we foster genius and patronize the fine arts."

To escape the impertinence of the boy, Dydimus, turning to me, remarked:

"That equestrian would have been distinguished among the Persians. To be a great horseman with them was second only to shooting with the bow and speaking the truth."

"The horse-jockeys of the present day differ from

those of Persia. Ours draw a much longer bow, and seldom speak the truth."

The horsemanship being over, Mr. Stoker made his appearance, and as he ascended to the rope, suspended from the roof of the theatre, Mr. Dumps' pulse could not have throbbed more rapidly if he had been placed in similar jeopardy. He was all eye. The gymnic commenced operations, and when at full swing he sprang headlong from his seat—thirty feet from the floor.

"Huzza!" shouted Dumps, starting to his feet. "Huzza! there he goes! Not a plank between him and eternity!"

There was a spontaneous burst of applause, which the showman modestly appropriated to his own credit, though Mr. Dumps was entitled to more than an equal division of the honor. Fortunately for the rope-dancer, though to the chagrin of some of the spectators, he had taken the precaution of fastening his right leg in a noose attached to the swing, and thus he was suspended, head downwards, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. He was greeted with a more hearty and spontaneous burst of applause than Newton received when he illustrated the laws of gravity. But what was Newton

and all his discoveries, in popular estimation, when brought in juxtaposition with the science of a rope-dancer! Mr. Stoker, soon discovering that it was an unpleasant position for the blood to circulate through the human form divine, that wonderful work—"Finxit in effigiem moderantûm cuncta deorum"—than he hastened to regain his former position, which he effected without even dislocating a limb, and recommenced his operations with a self-complacency, which plainly demanded of the spectators—"Ladies and gentlemen, what do you think of me?"

After various feats of surprising agility, he arrived at the acme of the exhibition—the be all and the end all—which was to hang himself by the neck. It was with difficulty that I could prevent Mr. Dumps from making another ridiculous display of his excited feelings as he beheld him adjusting the noose around that ticklish part of the human frame. Having fixed it to his satisfaction, he set his swing in motion, and when at the height, he slipped from his seat, and to the inexpressible delight of all true admirers of the sublime and beautiful, there he was, sus. per. col., as natural as life—no fiction, but the true thing, hanging dingle dangle. A shriek of

horror burst from the uninitiated, but Dydimus, a true admirer of the beauties of nature, in the ecstacies of the moment, sprang to his feet, and clapping his bony hands, shouted in a sepulchral voice:

"Beautiful! wonderful! Encore, encore! Do it again!"

"If the rope had broke," suggested the boy seated beside Dydimus, "the laws of the land would compel him to do it again, if it was the real thing and no gammon—the people's majesty is not to be trifled with on such occasions—but by the laws of the playhouse, if you are dissatisfied, your only redress is to apply to the box-office for the return of your shilling. You couldn't expect a man to hang himself all night to procure the means of getting a breakfast in the morning."

"You be—dashed," exclaimed Dydimus, adopting from a sense of decorum a different word from that which was uppermost in his thoughts, but the expression of his countenance plainly indicated that he by no means intended to mollify the asperity of his denunciation by the change of a consonant.

The showman coincided in opinion with the mischievous persecutor of Mr. Dumps, and accordingly, after hanging long enough to satisfy any reasonable

spectator, he manifested his disinclination to terminate his illustrious career in this ridiculous manner, and scrambling up the rope as gracefully as circumstances would admit, he regained a position of comparative security. The breathless suspense that had pervaded the theatre during his suspension, was succeeded by an unanimous burst of applause, which made the sounding-board in the dome vibrate with ecstasy, and the hero of the night, having made his obeisance with a solemnity becoming the important occasion, withdrew from the scene of his triumph, as full of the conceit of dignity as Sancho Panza when installed governor of Barataria. And this is fame." "*Sepiterno nominabitur.*"

On leaving the circus I inquired of Mr. Dumps how he was pleased with the entertainment.

"It is the very place for me," he replied. "He escaped to-night, miraculously, but I shall live to see that fellow hanged yet. I shall purchase a season ticket to-morrow morning and attend regularly until some mischance puts a check to his proud ambition."

"You certainly would not be present at such a melancholy occurrence?"

"He is bound to be hanged. His death-warrant

is already signed and sealed, and there is no reason why I should not enjoy the exhibition as well as another. If reasons were as plenty as blackberries you could not give me one."

He accordingly purchased a season-ticket, and became a constant attendant at the circus, in expectation of witnessing some appalling accident, but after wasting much time in this way, and nothing serious occurring, he became dissatisfied, for though hanging he admitted to be a very rational amusement for a week or so, yet by constant repetition it was deprived of its stimulating properties, until it dwindled to a mere burlesque upon the impressive sublimity of the real thing.

"I despise humbug," said Dydimus, in conclusion, "and shall never again cross the door of a circus."

Some months after I walked with him along a street, when his attention was suddenly arrested by an organ-grinder and an immense placard, which exhibited, in wood-cuts, humanity more brutal than the ravenous animals over which, by the first law, man had been placed as the shepherd, and in blood-red characters was emblazoned the attractive advertisement—

"The Horrors of the Inquisition Illustrated."

"There is something to be seen here," exclaimed Mr. Dumps, "which will enlarge the mind of the uninitiated, as regards the progress of humanity and Christianity in the civilized world."

"The quackery of charlatans to aggravate the diseased imagination of ignorance, at the moderate price of a shilling a dose."

"You are skeptical, but observe, sir, the illustrations are said to be by the best artists, and there is a full description in print of each particular case—and by the best authors. You would not doubt what you see in print?"

"Certainly not, if printed on hot-pressed vellum, with a spacious margin. Swallow the Talmud and the Koran, and all the elaborate lucubrations of insane philosophers, that repose on the dusty shelves of every well selected library, and your cranium will soon become a more miscellaneous menagerie than nature originally intended to confine within so limited a compass; a sort of rotating kaleidescope, where beautiful images have but a momentary existence, crumble in giving place to others more attractive, and no power on earth can ever reproduce them."

Dydimus paid little attention to my remarks, but

was intently reading the various placards strewed about, like bills of fare, to stimulate a morbid appetite, when a man approached and invited him in, at the same time assuring him that he could not fail being pleased—"As it was the most diabolical exhibition ever presented to a Christian community."

"Enough!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into the attitude of Hamlet, in his first interview with his father's shadow, clad in a coat of mail—which incorporeal vestment must unquestionably have been reduced to pig-iron, if there was any truth in the statement of the ghost as to the temperature of the regions whence he had ascended, and the ghost was an honest ghost—Truepenny could not lie—"Go on," said Dydimus, in a sepulchral tone—"Go on, I'll follow you."

We entered an apartment which had been carefully fitted up to represent the infernal regions, and was doubtless as accurate, in the main, as the descriptions by Dante, Quevedo, Bunyan and others, who have published their travels to that interesting country—but, strange is the inconsistency of man, who freely pays to understand the fabricated accounts of impudent impostors, when he has a reliable promise, reiterated once a week, that he has already

commenced his journey there, and will shortly witness the real thing without fee or reward.

Our guide, perceiving the astonishment of Dydimus, turned to him, and remarked in a lachrymose and nasal tone, which would have elicited tears from monumental alabaster, upon which no tears had ever been shed:

"Ah, sir! I see you have a soul to enjoy these matters. Man, who was placed as the pastoral protector of all animated nature, becomes the tyrant, and finally directs his inhumanity to man, and makes—"

"O! *Burn* the quotation. I am in pursuit of facts and not ethics—go on with your show, and let me understand what entertainment you can afford an inquiring mind."

"Look you here, sir," continued the showman, "and observe the operation of this wheel. This gentle motion delicately disengages the thigh-bones from the sockets—and this dislocates the arms—never was there invented a more perfect piece of mechanism—this is the exact expression while the wheel was in this position. The portrait was taken from life—or rather between life and death, by Albert Durer—an exceedingly clever sketcher in his

day, and wonderfully endued with a proper appreciation of the fantastic and horrible. By this motion, sir, the chest you observe is considerably elevated, but so gradually as not to give any sudden shock to physical endurance, until by this additional turn of the wheel we dislocate the spine. Every thing complete, you perceive, sir. Take a turn at the crank, and you will see how systematically it operates."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Dumps. "Equal to a modern corn-sheller. Man's talent for mechanics is wonderful! Even in his instruments of torture he manifests refinement. That machine must have cost the ingenious inventor much deep reflection before he could have rendered it so perfect. It moves like clock-work."

"Beats it all to nothing," said the showman; "for no one who has tried that machine, ever stood in need of clock-work afterward. Here, sir, is the ingenious process of filling the bowels of an obstinate witness with water for the purpose of washing out the truth. If the proverb be correct, that truth lies at the bottom of a well, the surest way to get at it is to fill a man's bowels with water and then pump it out of him."

"*In vino veritas*, is a proverb of equal authority,"

said Dydimus; they should have filled him with wine. But truth hath many hiding-places and is hard to be discovered."

"Look this way, sir. Here are two children whose feet were roasted to a coal in the presence of their parents, and the instrument of torture in which they were confined. This is the exact expression of the countenance after ten minutes roasting; and this, after the lapse of half an hour.

"'If't were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly.'"

"Here is the punishment of the *iron boot*, celebrated for being the most dreadful ever invented; by which the bones in the legs are crushed and the marrow forced from them."

Thus he went on, describing the various modes of torture in the exhibition, and perceiving the interest felt by Mr. Dumps in his exaggerated narrative of blended fact and fiction, concluded by informing him that in the course of a few days he would have it in his power to afford him inexpressible pleasure, for he hourly expected "The Virgin Mary and her hundred lances," so celebrated in the history of the infernal inquisition.

Mr. Dumps continued his visits here for several weeks, to study out the complicated machinery of the hundred lances with which the victim was transpierced, while expecting to receive a benediction and maternal embrace. He admired the refinement and humanity of dispatching a wretch from this world, when his mind was wholly occupied with serious thoughts of another. Finally, even this scene of complicated horrors, became "flat, stale and unprofitable," and his mind could find no food to fatten on but itself. He was now indeed a melancholy man.

I had missed him for some time, and on inquiry, learned that he was dead. As his departure from this mundane sphere was rather unceremonious for a gentleman remarkable for his rigid observance of decorum, a coroner's inquest was held to ascertain the cause of his hasty exit, but more especially to put money in that worthy officer's pocket. It appeared that on the evening previous to his death, his mind being much depressed, he indulged to excess in his favorite repast of clams and sturgeon, in order to keep up his spirits, from which some conjectured he had died of a surfeit, but as they found in his chamber a wheel-barrow load of the writings of

modern French novelists, a volume of which was open before him, one of the jurymen exculpated the clams and sturgeon from all participation in the transaction, for as he remarked, "Those books are a vast deal harder of digestion, and in truth, if taken in large doses, would be enough to kill the—dickens. There was a difference of opinion in the minds of those jurors who flattered themselves they had minds, as to the cause of the death of Dydimus, and as they found it impossible to agree, they buried him without a verdict, and the county paid the coroner his costs.

MR. ASPENLEAF.—A SHANDYISM.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground."—GENESIS. "Let more work be laid upon the men that they labor therein."—EXODUS. "The prince cannot say to the merchant I have no need of thee; nor the merchant to the laborer I have no need of thee."—SWIFT. "Sir, I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness."—SHAKSPEARE.

ANTHONY ASPENLEAF and I studied law in the the same office. The students for a time familiarly called him Toney, but as he recoiled from the insignificant patronymic, delicacy prompted them to address him by the title of Mr. Aspenleaf, for they were gentlemen, and would not disturb the self-esteem of a very amiable though over-sensitive creature. At that time we made lawyers out of gentlemen—when will the time arrive that we can make gentlemen out of lawyers?

Mr. Aspenleaf belonged to the order of society who mince their steps upon a Turkey carpet, fashion their countenances in gilded mirrors on pictured walls,—study their smiles, their bows and paces, until their shadow gives assurance of a man, and

then they step forth into the open air, daintily tread upon the bosom of mother earth, as if fearful that the raw material of which they are themselves composed may sully the science of the shoemaker.

Mr. Aspenleaf had received a collegiate education; at least his father had paid divers sums of money to obtain a certificate from a learned institution that he was enabled to call himself—"dunce" in two dead languages, while the "profane vulgar" could pronounce him such only in the vernacular. Education had, in that particular, afforded him considerable advantage over the uninitiated.

But Mr. Aspenleaf was no dunce. His mind was a great reservoir into which countless streams poured abundantly their delicious waters, but as there was no living spring within, they soon became a stagnant pool.

There was not a gem in the Latin and Greek authors that had escaped him, and he would sing them out with heart-felt glee—and then in English literature to see him poking along the hedge-rows —raising the rank grass in nooks and corners, like a botanist, where the sun seldom shines, and discovering a violet—with what triumph would he present it, and expiate on its beauty, until his spirit

became saddened by reverting to the hard fate of him who planted it.

Toney's father was introduced upon this mundane sphere especially to sustain the fallen fortunes of long silk-hose, white-topped boots, and velvet small-clothes. I see him now, in my mind's eye, passing along the street—perchance meeting an acquaintance, and then the solemnity with which he would bend his powdered head, gently shake it as if apprehensive of disturbing some sleepy idea, and then the practiced smile, that creamed and mantled on the stagnant pool of his finely chiseled countenance, while he gracefully waved his right hand, and, with head erect proceeded with becoming gravity. Oh, it was beautiful! We threw aside our Chesterfield and made old Mr. Aspenleaf our high priest when sacrificing at the altar of the graces.

Toney was admitted as an attorney-at-law, and with sound credentials, for he could construe—"Integer vitæ"—recognized the truth of the precept, and reveled in the poetry—had diligently served out the required apprenticeship—and most deservedly received a certificate that he was an honorable gentleman. He had eschewed Bacon—attempted to digest Littleton as cooked up by Coke—and we

occasionally took a hunting excursion through *fern*, and cared not a rush about our contingent remainders. Ambition pointed out a vacant seat in the judiciary, as a crowning reward in the distant perspective, but we little dreamt that the time might arrive when such distinction would be spurned as an indignity proffered as a compliment to an honest life of intellectual labor.

Shortly after he was admitted, we were seated in the Court of Quarter Sessions, big with the conceit of dignity. A poor fellow was arraigned for some offence against the conventional rules that castigate morals in this latitude, and as he had not the means to purchase a word that might palliate his error, the judge, under the mask of humanity, called upon Mr. Aspenleaf to make his maiden speech in his defence, that the poor creature might be deluded into the idea that he was convicted according to law. Oh, mockery! He was indicted, if my memory fails not, for taking improper liberties with a hen-roost—a hen-roost should be as intactus as a maiden. The counsel for the offended commonwealth—cocked and primed—let fly at him with the whole of Cicero's oration against Cataline, (as it blew up the conspirator, one might reasonably expect that it still

retained force enough to knock down a chicken-thief,) and Toney deluged the jury with a blast from Demosthenes. The judge shoveled up his legal accretions into a sort of a wind-mill, such as farmers use to winnow the chaff from the corn, though in its revolutions making considerably more clatter, and when done, he requested the twelve geese penned up in the jury-box to pick up the grains, and accordingly they gobbled all, without regarding cockle from wheat. Toney tried the case, but unfortunately the case proved restive, and tried Toney and floored him. The prisoner was found guilty of arson, he did not clearly understand by what course of reasoning they had arrived at their equitable deduction, and was more amazed when called upon, a week after, to hear the learned judge sentence him to the penitentiary for manslaughter. But he was grateful; he knew that he deserved punishment for a dirty offence, and felt proud that his character had been exalted by a record of manslaughter, instead of being branded with the petty-larceny pilfering of a hen-roost. There are grades of rank even in rascality.

"Every man has business and desires such as it is." Mr. Aspenleaf and I separated; he in pursuit

of refined pleasures on the continent of Europe, I to the turmoil of professional drudgery. Near thirty years had elapsed since I set eyes upon him, when one morning in last August, while employed in my garden in consultation with my cabbages about what should be done for our mutual benefit we were interrupted with—

"Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis."

I raised my head and beheld a white-haired man standing on a slight eminence above me; his right hand resting on a gold-headed cane, while in his left he held a jeweled snuff-box and cambric handkerchief. His blue dress-coat, of the finest fabric, was ornamented with bright gilt buttons, and his Marseilles vest in like manner. He wore a white cravat, tied with studied precision, and in all respects was a second edition of old Mr. Aspenleaf, revised and corrected, with an appendix to the breeches, converting them into pantaloons, which were tightly strapped beneath his polished boots.

He smiled blandly as we shook hands, but from some nervous emotion he did not attempt to speak as I conducted him from the garden to the library. Being seated, after the lapse of a few minutes, he

recovered himself and remarked in a low, tremulous, silver tone:

"I have just returned from Europe after a long absence. Learning that you had retired to this spot, I availed myself of the first opportunity of visiting you, and the old fields where we rambled in our school-boy days. How we loved mother earth then!"

"That is some forty years ago, if the old almanacs be authority."

"I beseech you not to mention it," he replied imploringly.

"Remember, your favorite Martial says; "*Hoc est vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.*"

"He may say so, but I care very little about looking back, and even the perspective is not over attractive."

"What, sir, were your sensations on setting foot again on your native soil, after so long an absence."

"I can best reply in the words of John Foster—'What is become of all those vernal fancies which had so much power to touch the heart? What a number of sentiments have lived and reveled in the soul that are now irrevocably gone! They died like the singing-birds of that time, which now sing

no more! The life that we then had now seems almost as if it could not have been our own. When we go back to it in thought, and endeavor to recall the interests which animated it, they will not come. We are like a man returning after the absence of many years to visit the embowered cottage where he had passed the morning of his life, and finding only a relic of its ruins.'"

"Your Horace and your Homer are still attractive?"

"There was a time I fancied their freshness would never fade, but their wand is broken and they charm no more. 'The mind soon sickens that still feeds on verse.' As well might the intellect expect to sustain health and strength quaffing such stimulants, as the body when pampered with nothing but delicacies. Would I had been compelled to make my bread before I ate it! The *Adamus exul* was a blessing and no curse, he would have sickened in Eden. At least that is the fate of his children who are pronounced most fortunate. I perceive my error when too late to be recalled, however, '*ut sementem feceris, ita metes.*' What we sow, we must mow."

"You must have enjoyed yourself in your travels?"

"For a few years abundantly. I possessed feelings alive to the stupendous works of nature, and sufficient attainment to invest the artistic efforts of man with incidents of their history, which seemed to sanctify the interest they awakened. For years the feast was 'never ending, still beginning,' but ultimately I enjoyed as the Zoophyte enjoys. How is it that some retain the elasticity of their spirits to the last?"

"They build up daily to fill the vacant places of those things that daily decay. They form acquaintances with the young—the future useful, and become of them, for the young grow old time enough for the distinction to vanish. By clinging only to the associates of our youth, we soon find ourselves as the last leaf of a stately tree shivering in the blasts of autumn, though the foliage in spring-time was refreshing and gorgeous. Build up incessantly! Even the grave is oraculous in enforcing the precept. The time will arrive when the grave in his turn will build up and forever."

He turned his eyes upon a picture hanging against the wall, and inquired—"Whose portrait is that, sir?"

"It is the likeness of Thomas Godfrey, the author

of the first tragedy written in America, some ninety years ago. The portrait was painted by his young friend, Benjamin West, a Pennsylvania boy, who after the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was elected President of the Royal Academy in London."

"I have heard of him, and also of the Royal Academy in my travels, but recollect no poet by the name of Godfrey."

"And yet you have recently crossed the Atlantic without being aware that that man's father contributed materially to the safety of your voyage. We should look at home before we travel abroad. He was a humble painter and glazier, and self-taught mathematician of Philadelphia. In 1734 he invented the sea-quadrant, which now goes by the name of Hadley's quadrant. The scientific Anglo-Saxon furtively appropriated to his own especial use the discoveries of the poor and obscure, but mathematical glazier of Philadelphia, at that time little more than a village in the wilderness. This was practically picking the pocket of the pauper, and kicking the crutch from the cripple."

"*Alter tulit honores*," responded my friend, vibrating his head with a solemnity which was

intended to convey more than the quotation—"Another takes the honors!"

"And the profit also. But is not this in keeping with the general conduct of that blustering old Bobadil John Bull, who for centuries has committed the grossest aggressions upon the feeble, and then enacts ex post facto laws to make it justice. Twice he has pawed up the dust, growled, shook his head and thrust his horns at Uncle Sam. But Uncle Sam seized him by the tail, whirled him round, and most irreverently applied his foot to his seat of honor and sent him home again roaring lustily. In the blindness of self-esteem he swore that he must have been thunderstruck, or it never could have occurred, when in truth he was only struck with a cane."

"I fear that the alarming words are now so plainly written on his wall that it requires no Daniel to interpret their meaning."

"They are inscribed in damning characters on the pallid faces of his over-worked and half-fed children; on the bleeding hearts of a noble sample of the human family—and this is effected under a system of government formed to elevate the character and secure the happiness of mankind. May the words be wiped from the wall, the face and the

heart, before the Daniels become weary of interpreting. The world owes John Bull a debt of gratitude, which will be remembered through many succeeding generations, in despite of his countless aggressions and present dotage."

After we had dined, Mr. Aspenleaf inquired where Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, was buried. I told him that his remains had been removed to Laurel Hill, which was but a short distance from us. He proposed to walk there. He stood beside his monument in deep thought for some time, and on leaving it remarked—

"That obscure and illiterate man did much for his fellow creatures; would that I could say that I had done something, however so little."

I conducted him to a terrace that overlooks the Schuylkill. I seated myself, while he stood at a short distance, leaning upon the railing of an enclosure, his mind absorbed with the beauty of the scenery. Suddenly I heard him murmuring to himself—

"Glorious mother earth, I have loved thee for many years, but at times I have smiled to see thee so fantastic. You prank yourself in your old velvet coat of green, and stick in your bosom enormous

and gorgeous bouquets, like some sprightly Dutch widow in her lustihood, going to a Flemish painter, to sit for her picture. It ill becomes thee, at thy time of life, to assume such coquettish airs of juvenility. And then again, I see thee matronly—with sunburnt cheek, robust limbs, smiling in soberness—thy lap filled until it can hold no more, unblushing mother earth! If thy female children in the olden time were found in that condition the beadle would question them; but you, shameless, laugh outright, and impudently court the eye of heaven, expecting it to wink and smile at thy dereliction, pregnant mother earth!"

In amazement, I exclaimed, "what in the name of common sense are you talking about, and who are you talking to?" But he did not heed me, and after inflating his lungs, continued:—

"And again, when the fruit of thine iniquity is brought to light, in thy decline, enfeebled by thy labor, setting thine house in order, as if preparing for death, thou callest all thy children around thee, to an abundant feast, and bid them rejoice, and dance, and sing, and not weep over the faded beauty of thy youth; and when thou art chilled to the heart—sapless — sterile — apparently lifeless — sud-

denly, we behold you arraying yourself in that everlasting coat of green, sticking fantastic flowers in your old breast, and then, with a boundless orchestra, of varied and discordant notes, attuned to universal harmony by your matchless diapason, heralding your revival, and you spring forth with smiling face and sparkling eye, laughing like a very wanton, prepared to play your merry pranks again. O! beauteous mother earth!"

"But is it earth? Her children named her in their darkness, and, perchance, may have erred, while he, who could christen, came here to make her—Heaven. Let her first sponsors look to it, and give place to him who followed. She would become heaven, if we were only obedient to his precepts and example."

Toney looked up, as a poor player would at a prompter, and continued:—

"Perchance, she may be heaven—a part of it at least—say but the vestibule! I know not even that, but this we all know, that he who made the heavens, made you also, most kind and bountiful mother. I will never return to your bosom, without having poured forth to the fullest extent, my measure of gratitude to you and your children. I love you."

"Toney, have you been poring over Jacob Boehme, or pouring in too much sherry?" He did not hear me, but inhaled the passing breeze, and continued:

"I can make you the altar of my God, and worship him upon your bosom with as pure a spirit as I can elsewhere. There is light sufficient in our comparative darkness to see that He is here with us, then, why treat him as a stranger. Humanity dictates to treat with hospitality a fellow creature—then, why not throw open your door wide to him who gave all; bar it not like a craven ingrate against his landlord; but open wide. No matter how humble your dwelling, he will enter, and you will soon find it large enough to contain immensity. Commune with him, not as an abject thing would, unfit for him to have made, but as a proud son would pour forth his gratitude to an ever watchful father, and say, 'I thank thee for my creation.' Though humble in thine own estimation, hold up thy head and aspire to decent society. He is the best, and the most easy of access. He makes no distinction between the hovel of a pauper and the palace of a prince. All that he requires is a heartfelt welcome, and he, who has bestowed that, when

it becomes necessary for him, whether prince or pauper in this world, to knock at his celestial portals, he may confidently walk in, without feeling himself a stranger there, having entertained Him to the extent of his ability on earth. Remember, we are all by common courtesy bound to return the visit. Look to it, that we keep our doors hospitably open while he condescends to sojourn with us here, lest we knock there as strangers."

Mr. Aspenleaf having disembogued his mind of its wholesome secretions, leisurely took up the line of march, apparently unconscious that I had accompanied him. I hastened after him, but as his mind was deeply absorbed, we leisurely proceeded to my home in silence. Our evening meal was prepared, but he declined to partake of it.

"Our bottle of sherry awaits us, and there are good cigars. We enjoyed those appliances some thirty years ago. Refresh yourself, and crow like Chanticleer. Stir up, old rooster, clap your wings —crow—though you may be troubled with the phthysic, make the attempt and never show the white feather."

"I will not indulge in luxuries to-night." He looked me full in the eyes, and something like a

smile flashed across his gentle countenance—if it were a smile—he was most distressingly nervous; he continued—"Our walk, I fear has been too much for me, and at your pleasure, it would be well for me to retire to my chamber."

I took a light and conducted him to his apartment, and seated myself, while he prepared for rest. He knelt beside his bed.

There may be pictures more attractive than that of a gray-haired, intelligent man kneeling and repeating the prayer which he had daily repeated from the hour he nestled in his mother's arms, but there are few pictures can be more impressive; none more pregnant with meaning.

He commenced the prayer in a subdued tone, and when he came to the passage, "Give us this day our daily bread"—his frame became deeply agitated, he buried his face in the pillow, and he sobbed audibly. I approached him.

"What is the matter, sir?"

"I have never earned my bread for a single day!" His whole frame shook. "Through a long and useless life I have daily besought God for my bread, without doing a hand's turn to make it. Pampered with all luxuries, and yet a mere pauper, wholly

dependent upon the labor of my fellow-man, and he, perchance, half-starved, on coarse food, to furnish me with luxuries."

"Reason not thus, sir; there is another side to the question."

"I can anticipate all that you would urge. I have never intentionally done wrong towards another, I am naturally, I think, benevolent. I entertain no ill-will—and at times, I have been reproved for allowing what I considered charity, to extend beyond the limits of liberality. But what does all that amount to? I am indebted for my benevolence to my God—an innate impulse; for my means of charity to the hands of others—no product of my labor."

I touched him gently on the shoulder, and would have spoken when he checked me.

"Say nothing more, I pray, to-night, sir. In my present tone of feeling, I can recognize but one astounding truth—it possibly may be an error, but I feel as if I had not done my duty, either toward myself, my fellow-creature, or my God. And there's a thought for an old man to dream upon."

"Good-night, and may pleasant dreams refresh you." I took him by the hand.

"Good-night, and God bless my old school-fellow." He gently pressed my hand and hastily smothered his face in the pillow. I paused for a moment as I opened the door and looked back, and as I closed it, I heard something like a deep-drawn sigh. I applied the thumb and index-finger of my right hand to my eyes, and drew them together until they met at the root of my proboscis; there was moisture there, but how or why it got there, God only knows. I proceeded to my solitary bed.

The following morning was a bright one. I arose with the sun and resumed my great horticultural pursuit. With hoe in hand I selected a remarkable drum-head cabbage, and went to work with a science worthy of Cincinnatus. In a few minutes I became philosophical; I rested on my hoe-handle, and having no one else to converse with, I addressed the cabbage, somewhat after this fashion:

"Thou magnificent esculent! Upon thy broad forehead I will place the crown of my Eden. Thou art henceforth prince of the cabbage-bed. I will aid thee to sustain thy dignity. I have fattened thee with poudret and guano; I have studied Leibig, solely to stimulate thee to carry out the important project we have in hand. Conceal thine ambition;

be careful that you burst not with your importance, when you learn the honors that await you. I am prime minister, all depends upon me, but you shall take the honor, and I will content myself with the profit."

His royal highness stared at me with his broad unmeaning face, yet seemed to say—

"The profits!—surely you would not sell me, prime minister?"

It was a home question, which I was too politic to answer, but methought, "That depends altogether upon the price you will bring in the market, O king! otherwise I am unfit to be prime minister." I continued my instructions as if I held within my grasp the destiny of all cabbages, from the noble drum-head and Savoy even down to the skunk cabbage.

"Listen. When our mighty scheme is matured, and there is no danger of any screws getting loose, I will have thee conveyed, with considerable pomp and circumstance, and place thee conspicuously in the most public position that we can command in the approaching exhibition of the Horticultural Society. I will enlarge upon your utility in supplying that great alembic Colon with gas, in order

to keep the liver, the nerves, and the brain in action, and then expatiate upon the sufferings to which the insatiate tyrant has condemned you; to be boiled with rusty pork; mangled to shreds, undergo the process of fermentation, and even then not satisfied with the indignity, he will sentence thee to be imprisoned in the excavated stomach of a smoked goose, that he may swallow you, and triumph over your humiliation, O cabbage! What is it thou hast not suffered for thy country and the benefit of mankind! When you depart this mundane sphere, in truth, may Colon exclaim, 'in a windy suspiration of forced breath,' as Hamlęt phrases it, 'Another revolutionary hero gone! Toll his requiem.'"

I paused to remember some of the long political harangues used to inflate bladders, until they swell to the requisite dimensions of a statesman, upon the same principle that children blow bubbles through the stump of a pipe, from material but little more evanescent—but the child's bubble is more ornamental than the bag of wind, and frequently quite as useful.

I jerked up the waistband of my nether integuments, and throwing myself in the attitude geometrically laid down in the old editions of Scotts'

immortal work on elocution, I extended one arm at an angle of forty degrees, and elevated the other to forty-six, and there I stood, like the cross of St. Andrew, in a somewhat rickety state, but regaining my equilbrium—then—"my eyes in a fine frenzy rolling" over the unmeaning face of my passive listener, I let him have it—O Jupiter Tonan's!—full of wrath and cabbage, until his green whiskers fairly curled with approbation. Thus I began:

"Thy capacious head contains the concrete result of Leibig's investigation; poudret and guano have contributed their aid to enlarge thy understanding; the dews of heaven have been distilled upon thy forehead to refresh thee, and thou hast thrust thy toes into the chemical alembic of mother earth. Few are aware of the labor bestowed, and the science evoked, to make thee what thou art. What shall we do? Thou must have a sheep-skin that thy science henceforth may not be questioned. What college shall have the honor of conferring the honor upon thee? And what degree wilt thou take—an LL. D., M. D., or D. D.; or wilt thou take all? Let not thy diffidence interfere with thy preferment, for rest assured you will find many who have re-

ceived similar distinction standing in the same category with thyself."

No reply; but from the palor of his countenance he seemed to say, "O leave me alone an unobtrusive cabbage!"

"That will never do. Thou shalt go to the exhibition, and if the managers do not unconstitutionally offer their own heads in competition, beyond the shadow of a doubt, thou wilt be crowned by public acclamation, 'King of the Cabbage-heads!' Think of that. And then upon the imperishable records of the society we shall descend to posterity together. But bear in mind, sir; our great project accomplished, I expect that in your gratitude for my services you will appoint me minister plenipo, to the King of the Mosquetos."

My candidate was silent. Taciturnity is frequently mistaken as an evidence of profound thought and wisdom, when in fact it is nothing more than a panoply assumed by dignified ignorance to protect itself from public exposure. "He says little but he thinks the more," whispers an admirer of the sage philosopher, while the sage has not sufficient activity of mind even to think he

thinks. I concluded that my appointment was settled.

Suddenly my ears were saluted with "Buz, buz, buz!" Curse the mosquetoes! "Buz, buz, buz!" Is a plenipo to be annoyed after this fashion? "Buz, buz, buz!" "The whole swarm is about me; I will not except of the appointment, great king!" "Buz, buz, buz!"

I whirled my arms about like the wings of a wind-mill to rid myself of the annoyance, but in so doing I destroyed the cross of St. Andrew, and knocked Scott's trigonomical illustration of elocution into sufficient geometrical figures to solve the most abstruse problem in Euclid. I resumed my hoe.

"I will establish for thee a broad platform, upon which we will erect a monument more lasting than brass—that's from Ovid; Latin. When you shall have passed through your A B ab's, and B A ba's, you will perceive the importance of those sublime mysteries—"

"Cockey-doodle-doo!"

"Those troublesome chickens are in my garden again! Shew! Shew!" I did not raise my head, my mind was too intent upon raising the broad

platform upon which I might establish the radical principles of my cabbage. I worked with my hoe, believing that it would produce better results than the brains of some politicians.

"Cockey-doodle-doo!"

"Confound that rooster, he shall understand that he is not cock of the walk about these *diggins*." I cautiously looked around for a stone, intending to have a whack at him; having found one, I raised myself very gingerly, fearful that I might disturb his self-complacency, when, to my confusion, I beheld my friend Mr. Aspenleaf standing on an elevation a few yards from me, smiling blandly. I dropped the stone and laughed. "Crow again."

He flapped his arms against his sides in imitation of Chanticleer, and crowed with a voice as clear as the note of a church bell chiming the Ave Mary. Immediately all the roosters within hearing, each on his own dung-hill, of course, answered the challenge, sent it back again, and made my friend Toney appear as a nervous kindred of St. Vitus. I addressed my Drum-Head. "There are many champions in the field, sir, and from the notes of their clarions, I infer they will make a hard fight." He looked as if he had already been converted

into krout. "Not a word, sir? Thou hast all the elements of gas within thee; blaze away; make a noise; rumble about the revolution you kicked up in Colon—the era of the great hurricane—eh? Still silent! I indignantly decline the mission to the Mosquetoes; I throw down my hoe at the foot of your platform, but as I am your prime minister, I will sell you in open market, at the proper season, to the highest bidder, and put the proceeds in my pocket."

I approached Mr. Aspenleaf and took him by the hand.

"How did you rest, sir?"

"I feel much refreshed. But, pray, to whom were you making that impassioned harangue? For a moment I imagined that you were dreaming and talking aloud in your sleep.

"Byron somewhere remarks, 'the best of life is sleep,' however that may be, the greater part of life is but a dream, from which many are never awakened until old Time shakes them up, pats them on the head encouragingly, and kindly says, 'I trust I do not disturb your repose, but it is my business, sir, to call upon you, and mention that you have had a long sleep; I trust by this time you

are refreshed, and after you have opened your eyes, so that you may understand that my mission with you has terminated, I will respectfully suggest to you that you can quietly lie down again, take another nap; and if my heir, Eternity, be as indulgent a father as I have been, perchance you may sleep forever. Sleep on.'"

"Give me a peck of corn!" exclaimed Toney, "I feel that I belong to the class, '*fruges consumere nati*,' but wish to make my bread for one day, that I may appreciate what those of the stalwart limb and sunshine face, throwing out rays strong enough to disperse the mist of the bathed brow, have to endure in order to make their daily bread."

"Their daily bread! Each will make enough by one month's labor, properly distributed, with the assistance of mother Earth, to sustain him for a year. His daily bread would be a small requisition upon his energies, if he were not required to stuff the maws of swarms of non-productives with delicacies."

"Give me some corn, and a hoe!" exclaimed Mr. Aspenleaf, flourishing his gold-headed cane, and extending his right leg with a spasmodic movement,

"Give me some corn, and I will raise a crop that Ceres herself shall be proud to harvest."

"I fear, sir, it is rather too late in the season for you to plant. That is the business of spring-time. There is an appointed season for all things, and I fear that the frosts of autumn may catch your harvest before it is ripened for the garner."

"True. I thought not of that. To see it when half ripened, checked in its promise—mildewed—worthless, and then reflecting what it would have produced had I but attended to my work at the proper season. That, methinks, would give me pain."

"Still we are aware that the eleventh-hour men received as full wages as those who toiled all day and endured the heat of the sun."

"And so they did."

"Still something can be done. My little crop was sown, as I thought in due season, and appears promising, but as I may be light-handed at harvest-time, come out to me and lend a helping hand. The smallest aid is gratefully received in those emergencies.

"I will most assuredly be with you."

"And then when we have it faithfully garnered—where the thief cannot break in—sheltered from

the weather and the vermin, we will sit down to the harvest feast, a board of abundance, in amity with those who have toiled with us through the heat of the day—see with what appetite they feed, and how cheerfully they retire to their rest after their labor."

"But what shall I do? A mere looker-on in the harvest-field, when I am summoned to take my rest?"

"You and I can be watchful that no one depart dissatisfied; and the feast over, let it be our care to gather up the fragments and see that nothing be lost."

"My feast is over,"—he smiled sadly as he pressed my hand—"all that remains to me is to gather up the fragments, and see that nothing be lost. There is more meaning in your apparent levity than I at first discovered."

"Possibly so. Call it truth in masquerade."

"I shall not forget the harvest-feast, and the fragments. I will be with you. Would I had labored throughout the heat of the sun, that when I go home I may honestly take my wages, and feel that I have honestly earned them."

THE LADY OF RUTHVEN.

TRAVELLING in the northern part of Great Britain, I turned aside from my road to view more closely one of those ancient edifices that stand, as it were, a connecting link, between times gone by and the present. I ever took delight in contemplating these mighty piles of past ages, for they operate as a talisman on the imagination, and in an instant the mercurial mind, in defiance of space and time, lives whole centuries. While surveying the building an aged man approached, and accosted me. "You appear," said he, "to be a stranger, and interested with the exterior of the castle; perhaps the interior may equally excite your curiosity; if so, I will attend you through the building." I gladly accepted of the old steward's invitation, for such he proved to be, and I could not possibly have had a better guide, for he was communicative, and intimately

familiar with the history of the castle and its inmates, from the time the corner-stone was deposited.

He led me through lofty chambers that frowned in all the gloom of Gothic times; extended galleries and stately halls, concerning each of which some anecdote was rife in his memory. He paused with peculiar satisfaction in the armory, hung around with banners, arms, and the trophies of war. He was familiar with the history of every weapon and coat of mail, and gave with tedious accuracy an account of the various conflicts in which the several indentations, perceptible on the warlike apparel, were received. From the armory we passed into the gallery of family pictures, which afford many of the rudest, with some of the finest, specimens of art.

Here might be seen the mailed knight scowling death to his prostrate antagonist, or gazing with his eyes full of devotion on his lady love; there a judge, with fat, unmeaning face and full-bottomed wig, looking askance at a hoop petticoat, and a diminutive countenance peering beneath a wilderness of curls; not unlike an owl from an ivy bush; a little farther, a group of corydons and shepherdesses, watching their flocks, which had called forth

the greatest care of the artist, and then came the matter-of-fact portrait of modern days, which can do nothing more for an ugly face than make it handsome, or place a man in a studious posture with a book in his hand, though he scarcely comprehends the alphabet.

While surveying the different portraits, my eye fell on one calculated to make the spectator shrink at the first glance. It was a warrior clad in a coat of mail, his hair was gray, his countenance thin and cadaverous, and his eye as fierce as that of the enraged tiger. His forehead was bony, capacious, and reposed on a pair of thick bushy brows. His cheek bones were high, his chin robust, and his thin lips compressed, indicative of cool determination.

"That," said the old man, "is the portrait of Lord Ruthven, who was at the slaying of David Rizzio. He left his sick bed, to which he had been confined for three months, pale and emaciated, too feeble to bear the weight of his armor, or even to support his own body without assistance, to do a murder at the bidding of, and in the presence of, his king."

"And is that," said I, "the man who took life in cool blood, and calmy sat down in the presence

of his insulted Queen, and tauntingly called for drink to quench his thirst, while his bony hands were still reeking with the life-blood of her favorite? But who are those young men to the left, on the same canvass, whose countenances are full of manly beauty, and glow with intelligence?"

"The last of the name of Ruthven. The sons of that Earl of Gowrie, whose restless spirit burst forth at the maid of Ruthven, and finally terminated its earthly career on the scaffold. His sons were the pride of Scotland in their day, and fell at the same instant, while perpetrating the most inexplicable conspiracy that history has recorded. Their dead bodies were brought into parliament, indicted for high treason, their honors and estates were forfeited, and the ancient and proud name of Ruthven forever abolished."

"And who is that," I inquired, pointing at a female portrait, "whose face rivals in loveliness all that the Italian artists have combined in their ideal beauty? Where female softness is so admirably blended with masculine vigor, that the trial for mastery at the first glance appears doubtful, but on a nearer view it is plain to see that the latter, in this instance, as in all others, maintains a transcendent

influence over the former! Behold the arched brow where pride sits enthroned; the eye beneath it beaming love, and the lips that would tempt an anchorite to press them, were it not for the latent fire in that eye, and the firmness of purpose indicated by that chin, at the same time that the curve of beauty is preserved, forbids even the passionless kiss of an anchorite! This I should judge to be the work of some enthusiastic painter, who, in a delirium of love, delineated the mistress of his imagination, rather than the being that nature had created."

The withered cheek of the old man glowed at my praise, and he replied, "That is the Swan of the house of Ruthven, who was reared in the raven's nest when her own flock was scattered. She was the child of the last of the name; still an infant at the time of her father's murder, and when the storm tore up, root and branch, the noble tree that had withstood the rage of warring elements for centuries, this last frail scion was transplanted to a foreign land, where it grew in beauty worthy of its parent stem. Rightly have you judged in pronouncing that picture the work of an enthusiastic lover; it is by the celebrated Vandyck, to whom nature not only lent her coloring, but watched

every touch and carefully guided his hand. Charles, the martyr, at whose court the orphan of the fallen house of Ruthven was a maid of honor, bestowed her in marriage on the impassioned painter, and never did the skilful artist exercise his brush with greater success, than when delineating the lovely features of the object of his adoration."

I left the gallery with my mind filled with widely different reflections from those which occupied it on entering. The mute canvass on which I had been gazing, had read to me a striking lesson on the vicissitudes of human life, and the futility of the attempt to perpetuate a name. Here I beheld a long line of ancestry, who had kept monarchs in awe and been linked with royalty, extinguished by a breath—a single word—and the last remaining drop of their haughty blood, the very essence of their race, a thousand times distilled, indebted for its preservation to charity, and finally bestowed on one whose progenitors had passed as obscurely through the world as the purling stream through the untrodden wilderness, and yet to the talents of this man is she more indebted for the duration of her name, than to the daring deeds of her turbulent ancestors. I here also learnt that he

who was the monarch's terror, the monarch himself, and she for whose charms the monarch might proudly have sighed, can obtain no more substantial fame than an outline of their features on perishable canvass, or a page in history seldom opened.

Most glorious guerdon, after a feverish existence, when we reflect—

> There's not that work
> Of careful nature or of cunning art,
> How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
> But falls in time to ruin.

THE VISIONARY.

"He travels on, a solitary man;
His age has no companion."—WORDSWORTH.

IT was a bright morning in spring, my uncle had returned from his accustomed walk and retired to his study, a small building erected for that purpose, a short distance from the main dwelling. I entered to announce that his breakfast awaited him, and found him busy writing. He threw down his pen, and said to me, smiling, "I scarce needed another proof to satisfy me that I am but a sorry poet; but we have all sufficient vanity to imagine that we can approach the sun on dædalic wings, and unhappily the nearer the approach the greater the danger."

"What subject has engaged your pen, sir?"

"In my walk this morning," he said, "I met poor David Wayland, the village pauper. The old man has seen prosperous and happy days, and now he lives on common charity. Oh! my boy, how bitter

must be that crust that is grudgingly given and reluctantly received, but to prolong the useless remnant of a wretched existence!—David was seated in a solitary place on the margin of the river. As I approached, I found him engaged in deep thought, and there were tears in his eyes. I demanded what it was afflicted him.

"'I have little to do, but think,' he replied, 'and the mind is an inn that admits strange guests at times. I have been viewing myself, from my joyous infancy unto the present hour, as in a glass, and thoughts have occurred that are beyond the scope of my understanding.'

"'And what were your thoughts, David?'

"He turned to me, and with a sorrowful look replied, 'I am a miserable old man, sir, a mere wreck of the creature that God had richly endowed, and all I have to offer him in return for his boundless beneficence, is a wretch despised by his fellow-man and crushed to earth by the evils of mortality.'

"'I do not comprehend you.'

"'I had children—they were the counterparts of what I was in infancy; they passed to the grave and their loss was mourned in bitterness by me. But the being of my own childhood has as irrevo-

cably disappeared, and where is it? No one deplored its departure but myself. *They* will re-appear, radiant in their innocence, but I never again as I then was. Our changes here are manifold. The being of but yesterday ceases to exist to-morrow, and time and circumstance render man a daily suicide, as every stage destroys the preceding, and a new, creation, phœnix-like, springs from the ashes of the old. They pass away, but whither? Responsible agents if when called hence, they had cast off this mantle of mortality; but self-destroyed, and leaving this frail tenement for their successor, where are they? How shall I appear hereafter? as I now exist, when the protracted lamp is flickering in the socket, or as one of the countless beings that have moved and breathed in this house of clay in my progress from infancy to age?—Alas! I alone remain—the last metempsychosis of a numerous progeny, long since passed away, the only record of whose existence is in the tablets of my own memory. I have seen them all, and must they, infant, youth, and man, re-appear in me, as I am now, or each assume in his own peculiar shape, his individual responsibility?'

"I replied, that they were all one and the same

essence and indivisible, and that the infant and youth he deplored, still lived in David Wayland, borne down with age and sorrow.

"'Then truly has it been written,' said he, sighing deeply,

"The child is father of the man,"

and the sins of *that* father are visited upon the head of countless generations.'

"Visionary as you may pronounce the old man's theory, blood has been shed ere now to establish doctrines scarce as plausible."

David had returned with my uncle to the cottage to get his morning's meal, as was his custom, and his hunger was no sooner satisfied when he withdrew to some secluded spot among the wild hills to meditate on his visionary notions of futurity. "Poor fellow," said my uncle, looking after him, as he slowly bent his way from the cottage.—"The prophet has said 'it is good for man that he bear the yoke in his youth,' thou has borne it, still the joy of thy heart is ceased; thy dance has turned into mourning."

"You knew him, then, sir, in happier days?"

"No—not in happier. My first acquaintance

with him was somewhat remarkable. A few years ago I left the little village of Munster, to descend the Allegheny mountain late of an afternoon. Heavy masses of clouds portended a coming storm. The traveller at that period was compelled to pursue his solitary journey through the wilderness along a narrow and doubtful path, deeming himself fortunately if he found a hospitable hovel to shelter him after the fatigues of the day's journey. I had not proceeded many miles when it was with the utmost difficulty I discerned the winding path before me. Night was approaching, and the lofty trees of the forest groaned with the weight of the tempest. I spurred my horse with impatience, but he ambled on as philosophically as if he thought it as well to be overtaken by the storm in one place as in another. I coaxed him, expostulated with, flattered him on the score of his spirit and speed, to no purpose, and finally I became exceedingly indignant, but still he doggedly ambled on, as much as to say, 'This, sir, is altogether your own business; mend matters the best way you may.' The rain now came down in torrents, and large branches torn from the trees were falling in every direction around me. I hurried on, without know-

ing which way I directed my course, and was soon completely lost in the wilderness. I dismounted to search for shelter, when fortunately a projecting rock offered itself as a protection. I secured my horse and was endeavouring to reconcile myself to my uncomfortable lodgings, when I fancied I heard a faint strain of music in the intervals of the tempest. I arose in astonishment—the music continued, and seemed to proceed from beneath the surface of the earth. When the storm abated I left the rock to ascertain the occasion of this mystery. I descended a hillock and discovered the feeble rays of a cavern immediately before me. I paused at the door—a tremendous, but melodious voice still solemnly chaunted:

'His voice doth rule the waters all as he himself doth please;
He doth prepare the thunder claps and governs all the seas.
The voice of God doth rend and break the cedar trees so long,
The cedar trees of Lebanon which are both high and strong!'

"As it ceased I pushed open the door and discovered an aged man in the act of devotion. His flowing beard covered his bosom and his feeble hand trembled as it held the book of prayer. When he

finished his devotions, he rose from his knees and welcomed me to his solitary dwelling. My curiosity was excited by the rudeness of his habitation, which was too low to admit of a man standing upright.

"'I perceive,' said the hermit, 'that you are astonished how a human being can exist in a miserable cell like this; but no mortal knows what he can undergo, and how very little he absolutely requires until he is put to the trial.'

"'True,' I replied, 'but are trials of this nature conducive to happiness.'"

"'Happiness,' exclaimed the old man, 'is a word which scarcely conveys a definitive meaning; for what we fancy one moment to be happiness, frequently proves to be misery the next. It is scarce worthy to be taken in the calculation of human affairs, for if at the close of the longest life we were to enumerate our joys and sorrows, even the most fortunate would wonder at the fortitude that sustained him through the chequered scene of existence. At least such has been the case with me.'"

On my expressing a curiosity to learn what had induced him to abandon society, he replied:

"'The circumstances of my life are soon related; they possess neither novelty nor interest, however, I will comply with your request.

"'In youth we looked upon life through a prism, and from brilliant illusions that can never be realized. We pursue the gaudy phantom with ardor, until awakened to a sense of our folly by repeated disappointment; and highly favored is he who possesses the philosophy not to become disgusted with the world, when calmly contemplating it in its real colors.

"'I was born in the interior of Pennsylvania. My father was a substantial farmer; and as I was his only child, I received every indulgence from my tender parents. Nothing but flowers sprung up in my pathway. My days were passed in wandering through the lofty mountains that surrounded our humble dwelling, framing visions of the fancied paradise which lay beyond them, and in tracing the lines of my future conduct even to the sunset of existence. Nay, my dreamy speculations were not limited to this world, and I arrogantly believed that the whole plan of the creator was miraculously divulged to me.

"'In time I began to repine at my unvaried

mode of life, and panted to pass the barriers that restrained me as I thought from happiness. 'This world,' I said, 'was made for action—it is full of joy, and he who supinely passes his life in a remote corner, is a recreant to his duty and should be classed among the dead and not the living.'

"'I left my aged parents and went into the world. They wept bitterly at my departure. But what of that! Is it uncommon for children to wring the hearts of their parents even to weeping tears of blood?—The stream of affection flows downward, sweeping away all obstacles, from parent to child, but alas! how seldom does it know a returning ebb, with the same strength to that pure and holy fountain!

"'I entered the army and continued there for several years, and distinguished myself in the field of battle, but eventually I was sorely wounded. During a tedious recovery, whilst lying in a wretched hospital, I began to reflect that my dangers and suffering bore very little resemblance to the illusions of my boyhood, for even here I found no other reward for my daily trials than rest when fatigued, and food when hungry.—These, I sighed, might have been attained without the

hazard of life, or the curse of having poisoned the peace of those who gave me being. No—it is not in the army that my destiny is to be fulfilled and my happiness completed. I threw up my commission, disgusted with the pursuit of military glory, and returned to my native village a wiser if not a better man.

"'When I arrived, I learned that both my parents had died some time before. I sought out their graves, and as I stood beside them, bitter was the recollection of the tears I had caused them to shed when we last parted. The heart kept a faithful record of its transgressions in burning characters; we may turn from it; devote a life in striving to obliterate what is therein written, but in vain—sooner or later it must be read. I read and wept.

"'I converted the effects left at my father's death into money, and directed my steps towards Philadelphia, where, in a short time I appeared as a merchant at the exchange. The exciting scenes continually rising to view promised that I should soon find the world as I imagined it. My heart expanded as it daily quaffed professions of friendship and blandishments of love, but still there was something wanting—fruition never realized the

dream of anticipation.—However, there was sufficient to make the world an enticing one; but alas! the gay delusion was not permitted to continue long. I was cheated of my fortune by the man I considered my bosom friend; and then the mistress of my heart, with whom in a short time I was to have been united, thought it prudent to forget her protestations of eternal affection, and marry the wretch who had reduced me to poverty. I did not reproach her, for it is written—"The poor is hated even of his own neighbor, but the rich hath many friends."—Human nature hath not changed a jot in this respect since the days of Solomon. The world said she acted wisely.

"'I left the city, but not without a sigh at having discovered that my vision, though so near completion, was not to be realized in the mercantile world. As I trudged along I consoled myself by reflecting that even in the midst of prosperity, I had no other actual enjoyment than sleep when I was weary and food when hungry. Every other was deceitful and illusory. Then why should I complain, for I shall be able to command a crust of bread and a pallet of straw, even in the most abject situation; nature requires no more; and possessing

these, the wealth of worlds cannot add to my happiness—"Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith."

"'I had been in affluence long enough to discover that prosperity is attended with a greater crowd of afflictions that adversity. It affords the means of gratification to every human passion, while adversity closes the heart to the follies of the world, and points out the vanity of human wishes. The one pursues objects that are attained with difficulty, and when attained, frequently yield disgust to repay the labor of pursuit, while the other enjoys the sweets of life in every difficulty overcome, and encounters those which it is necessary to surmount in order to promote happiness. Again I exclaimed—"Better is a little, with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith." Poverty points out the straight path to true wisdom."

"'I entered my native village at sun-set, weary and forlorn. Very little change had taken place during my absence, and I felt a peculiar interest in every object that presented itself. How pleasingly melancholy are the feelings we experience in visiting the place of our birth in adversity. The recollection of former days rushed in more vivid colours on my

dejected spirit, as I received the cordial greeting of the friends of my childhood, and I felt convinced that my air-built castles at length had found a firm foundation on the spot that first gave rise to them.

"'Before I made choice of a future pursuit I narrowly investigated the lot of those who appeared to enjoy most purely the blessings of the world, and resolved to tread in the path of one who had the reputation of being happy. The lot of a neighbouring farmer delighted me. I observed that he rose with the sun, his body full of health and vigor, and his mind untainted with the corruption of the world, to cultivate the soil which God had bestowed upon him. This, I exclaimed, has been the ostensible duty of man since his expulsion from Eden; there is no pursuit more innocent, it yields all that nature requires, and injures no one. At evening when the labor of the day is over, he returns to his cottage; his blooming wife hastens to meet him with smiles and caresses, while the rosy offspring of health and innocence, impede his anxious steps until the kiss is given! I will get married and cultivate the earth, for this is the only sure road to happiness, and fortune's favours extended beyond

this prove the severest affliction, as I have already experienced.

"'I continued, 'the burden of the world is on the wealthy and not on the poor man. The one has an artificial station to fulfil, the other but a natural one. The one has a thousand ideal wants to gratify, without the ability to divine the method of doing it, whereas the other hears but the wants of nature, who at the same time points out the simplest manner of satisfying them. Yes, the burden of the world is on the wealthy and not on the poor man, for the one expects every thing from the world, and the world expects very little from the other.

"'I now made choice of the partner of my fate, to whom in due season I was married, and having rented the farm where I was born, in course of a few years, by dint of industry I succeeded in stocking it to my satisfaction. I now resolved to be happy.—I rose with the sun, and whistled at my daily task, for I laboured for her whom I loved with the utmost tenderness. We had three children; I watched over them and loved them as my parents had watched and loved me. They died in their infancy, and I mourned their loss in the bitterness of a broken spirit; but I have often thought

whether the tears I shed on their graves, were as scalding hot as those I wrung from my aged parents' hearts when I forsook them. Even thus, had they lived, might they have repaid my tenderness. If so, God was merciful, in taking them and in sparing me.

"'Still my heart was comparatively cheerful in the midst of my struggles for bread, and I continued to contemplate my vision of bliss with the same hope as the shipwrecked mariner the symbol of the covenant, after a tempest; but as my wife was the keystone of the arch, the dreamy fabric was frequently shaken to the foundation.—In my own mind I had prescribed her line of conduct, but as she was not gifted with intuitive forecast, she knew not, and, perhaps, cared not how I wished her to act. In the grief of my disappointment I frequently sighed,—"No blooming wife runs to welcome my return after the labors of the day over; no rosy offspring impede my anxious steps until the kiss is given."

"'I became discontented, and entered upon the duties of the day with disgust instead of cheerfulness, for I labored for one incapable of feeling my affection, or estimating the worth of my exertions·

There was a flame within my bosom that preyed upon my life, and would of itself have worn me to the grave—but one trial was still remaining to confirm the vanity of human prediction and complete the load of mental suffering. My farm was now neglected, and when the horrors of poverty surrounded me, the death-blow came. My wife, who had given me daily proof of her ingratitude and aversion, gave me a fatal one of her loss of chastity. O, God! the bare recollection dissolves the frozen blood of age, and forces the few remaining drops, scalding hot, from the withered fibres of a broken heart! *I beheld the viper who had stung me to the soul, coiling in the bosom of her paramour*—the scene deprived me of reason—O! that I had continued so, for when I returned to my senses, the hapless wretch was weltering in his blood at my feet—the victim of his crime and my revenge.

"'I went forth and surrendered myself into the hands of justice. The offended law must be appeased! But laws insufficient to redress injuries, beget self-avengers, and too often make victims of the injured. I was tried and convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment, part of the time in the solitary cells.

I shall not attempt to describe to you the horrors of a dungeon, as the picture would not represent my own but the sufferings of my fellow prisoners—for me it had no terrors. He who has placed his happiness on this world must necessarily be wretched when deprived of the power of enjoying it; but he whom the world has deprived of happiness can feel but little regret at being removed from the scene of affliction. I had now time for reflection, and the vanity of my earthly pursuits flashed upon my brain. My life had been spent in pursuit of the vision of my youth; in struggling to realize scenes which could only exist in imagination, and which led me to wretchedness and disappointment. I had lived for others and not for myself. I now discovered how very few were the real wants of human nature; and on recurring to my past life, I was astonished to observe how severe a tax the world imposes on its votaries, for instead of having the courage to live for ourselves, we live for the rest of the world. At the expiration of my sentence, finding I could be of little service to mankind, I retired to the wilderness, well convinced that mankind could be of as little service to me. I here have every thing that the world afforded me in the

brightest hours—food and rest—without the unceasing agitation of mind and body, that preyed upon my life; and removed from temptation, I mourn over the follies and weakness of my nature, and strive to make amends for the past errors. And, though all my earthly hopes proved to be of such stuff as dreams are made of, there is one remaining that this world cannot take away, and it renders even the pauper's brow more beautiful than a kingly diadem—"The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness." And to such it is promised—"Thine age shall be clearer than the noon day; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning."'"

THE WIDOW INDEED.

"She that is a widow indeed, and desolate, trusteth in God, and continueth in supplications and prayers, night and day."

Poor old Miriam! We behold objects in childhood that remain our inseparable companions through life, whose lineaments are still fresh in memory, though myriads of intervening things may have passed away like shadows. Such is the impression made upon my mind by the patient creature whose humble career I am about to record.

Miriam's parents were too unobtrusive to awaken malevolence, and too independent to apprehend oppression. She was their only child. Possessed of intellect, they afforded her every opportunity of cultivating it, and with their virtuous example before her, she attained the years of womanhood, lovely and beloved. Gray-haired men still speak in rap-

tures of her youthful beauty, and deny that the present age can produce her paragon. True, it sounds strange to hear her queen-like figure, raven hair, and pearly teeth enlarged upon by decrepid age, sans teeth, sans hair, sans every thing; but where breathes the artist can portray in such glowing colors as memory, when she places before the eyes of the aged their themes of young delight!

Miriam married; her choice was worthy of her, and he fully appreciated the good bestowed upon him. Their union was as one cloudless summer-day; nor was their happiness confined to themselves; its influence was felt wherever they appeared, for no one ever received at their door the answer given at the coming of the bridegroom—"not so; lest there be not enough for us and you."

Their union was blest with an only daughter. Their cup of joy was filled without one dash of bitter, and daily thanks to the Fountain of all, hallowed their happiness. But "boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

They had been married some ten years when her husband died. In the spring time of life when earth laughs out as the primitive Eden, few reflect

that the winged hours are incessantly working a fearful change, and that the time must arrive when the magic spell will be broken, and nothing remain but "the flaming sword that turneth every way" to bar man from his lost happiness.

Miriam anticipated the blow as little as others, but she was better prepared than most to meet it. She knew from whose lips the mandate issued; "that whatsoever He doeth it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it nor any thing taken from it."

She had watched by the bedside of her companion with that unwearied devotion which a true wife alone can display. She had marked the gradual inroads of disease, but continued to hope on, for while he breathed, it did not occur to her how nearly allied life is to death; how brief the passage from the one to the other—a single respiration and no more. But when the last sigh was breathed she awoke to a full sense of her loneliness. He was all to her on earth and now nothing remained to the future but the recollection of departed joys. When the paroxysm had subsided, she arose—grief and resignation struggling for mastery—she clasped her hands, and turning her tearful eyes toward heaven, meekly articulated—"Not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Years passed away, for time pursues the same even course whether this world smiles or weeps. Her spirit did not shrink from the severity of her trials, for there were duties to be performed, hopes uncrushed—and the human heart, like the dove of peace when flitting over a deluged world, bears up, trusting still to find the solitary resting-place amidst universal desolation.

Her husband had left sufficient for the support of herself and child. The widow devoted her days to the instruction of little Mary, and she was rewarded, by seeing her as she approached womanhood surpass a fond mother's anticipations. She was a delicate flower, nurtured in an atmosphere where no breeze passed over her rudely, but where all around was fragrance and sunshine. Such plants soon pine away and die when removed from their native soil.

Mary knew nothing of the world beyond her mother's threshold. Her young imagination peopled it with such beings as her own kind mother. In her mind all had their peaceful homes—the universe all love and harmony—the flowers, the streams, the hills unfailing fountains of delight—all joyous, and she the most gladsome being in a joyful world. Morn but awoke her to twitter her light-hearted

song like a summer bird, and at night she hymned His praise in the same innocent strain of rejoicing, while her glad mother's heart overflowed with gratitude for the blessing conferred. They indeed were happy.

Happy! If you have entrusted your happiness in the hands of your fellow creature, await the rising of the morrow's sun. Call no man happy until death. He alone is happy who cares not how soon the sun may set forever—and he himself arise beyond the influence of the sun. That man may dream that he is happy. Dream on thou glorious dreamer!

There lived in the village a young man named Mark Moreland. He was handsome, and possessed taste for books and music, and abounding in animal spirits, he was usually the victor in all the village sports. As he wore his laurels proudly, the young men envied him, but the aged shook their heads, and prophesied that Mark would come to no good, for he was idle.

Mary's beauty did not escape his notice, and her mother's little possessions rendered her more attractive. It was his custom when returning from shooting or fishing, to stop at the widow's cottage, and to present her with the choicest of his spoils.

He would read to them of evenings, and the notes of his flute harmonizing with the clear joyous voice of little Mary, often arrested the step of the passing villager. To the inexperienced girl he appeared to be all he assumed; not so in the eyes of her mother.

Mary loved him with that depth of devotion the human heart can feel but once. Imagination had clothed the object of her idolatry with all the attributes of perfection.—Young love bends to an idol of its own creation, and zealously threads the universe in pursuit of the richest offerings to increase its ideal beauty; but when the charm is broken, and the clouds of incense dispelled, the object is frequently found to be as repulsive as the ass's head around which Titania entwined her fairy garlands.

The widow discovered with grief the bias of her child's affections, and used all persuasion to estrange her feelings. She referred to their peaceful and happy condition, and deprecated a change. "He is idle," said she "and such seldom obtain the respect of their fellow men. Our lives have been simple and harmless, his the reverse. He is not of us—a scoffer at those things we hold most sacred, and

remember the ingrate to his God is never trusted by his fellow man—not even by his fellow scoffer."

The scoffer will be somewhat astonished, if after all, the things he scoffed at should turn out to be the eternal truth, and the wisdom of ages has been exceedingly favorable on that side of the question. Scoff on, thou fool! You first assume to yourself the attributes of Omniscience, and then impudently deny that Omniscience can exist elsewhere than in your own brain. Thou know-all-worm! it is possible, by chance, you have missed a figure.

Mary wept, for it was the first time she had given her mother pain; the first time she believed her to be in error, still she appreciated her motives and struggled to comply with her wishes. It was a conflict of deep-rooted feelings—a strife between duty and love. It is unnecessary to add which proved the victor.

Aware that Miriam would never consent to their union, Mark persuaded the infatuated girl to be married privately. It was her first act of disobedience; she no longer felt herself the guileless being she had been up to that hour, it seemed to her that she had changed nature with some abhorred and guilty thing, and Mark endeavored in vain to as-

suage the poignancy of her feelings. She had deceived her mother—confidence had ceased to exist —and she trembled as a criminal in her presence.

When the unhappy tidings were divulged, the widow wept in secret over her blighted hopes, but not a word of reproach fell from her lips to embitter the chalice her deluded child had prepared for her own lips. She received Mark in her humble dwelling and treated him as her son.

Mark's conduct underwent a thorough change, and Miriam imagined that he had seen the errors of his ways, and turned from them. In the simplicity of her heart, she said—"this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

Mark having gained her confidence proposed to embark in business, as he was weary of an idle life. But he had not the means, and he applied to Miriam to assist him.—Mary added her entreaties, and the widow pledged her little all to promote the welfare of her children. The result might have been foreseen. Inexperienced—reckless—self-willed—in a few years he exhausted the widow's means and deeply involved all who trusted in his visionary speculations.—He became bankrupt; the widow destitute.

The descent to adversity is easy, but to retrace our steps over obstructions which we had, ourselves, thrown in the pathway, require energy possessed by few. Bad became worse daily with Mark Moreland. The amusements of his boyhood assumed the features of vices in his riper years. The budding of sin, in a child, to some appears attractive, but when matured—repulsive.—The most poisonous weed, in spring time may produce a gorgeous flower, but in autumn the seed is death.

The widow seeing all was lost, trusted to her own resources. She opened a school, that the children of the village might benefit by her moral and intellectual culture, and she maintain her independence. There was a purity of purpose within her threshold which creates an atmosphere the impure cannot breathe. Mark returning from his midnight orgies to behold the quiet simplicity of the widow's home, felt, as did the rebellious angels when the sublimated atmosphere of heaven drove them mad.

Mary had a child, a boy, some two years old. Late one night Mark returned from his companions, ill-humored and intoxicated. He would fondle with the boy, but Mary, alarmed for the child's safety, opposed his wishes. He snatched the boy from her

arms and fell with the infant beneath him. From that day the child, who had given promise of all that partial parents anticipate from their first born, became an idiot. Mark was now a changed and melancholy man. He daily witnessed the desolation he had occasioned, no part of which came within his power to alleviate. He was chained, a hopeless spectator of a scene that drove him wild. The vacant stare of his beloved boy—the silent but ill-concealed repinings of his wife, that were evidently hurrying her to an untimely grave; the conflict between resignation and despair which was laying desolate the widow's heart, strewed the pathway to duty with thorns, and the purer he became the more poignant became repentance. Destitute of the means to relieve their necessities; too infirm of purpose to contemplate the result of his own vices, he fled from the ruin in its desolation, selfishly hoping to find a Lethe for remorse in the hurried vortex of a heartless world.

Deserted by her husband, and reproaching herself for the trials her disobedience had imposed upon her mother, Mary wasted to the grave with a disease that knows no cure.—If the body be afflicted, there is hope for extraneous remedy; if the mind sickens,

it must be its own physician. Mary watched over her idiot child—sat statue-like beside her patient mother—seldom spoke—never smiled—and died. The innocent to die thus—of self-reproach and broken-hearted, is indeed, the human agony of the cross and crown of thorns.

Miriam was now destitute and alone, but she knew that "he who faints in the day of adversity, his strength is small." Her time was devoted to her little school and unwearied efforts to infuse light into the mind of her benighted offspring. At length he could imitate the sound of a few words, but not for the purpose of imparting ideas. She took him repeatedly to his mother's grave, and taught him to pronounce the word—mother, and kneel in the attitude of invoking a benediction. She taught him to repeat the Lord's Prayer, word by word, as it fell from her lips, and though its import made no impression upon his mind, still, morning and night, he prayed with as much outward zeal as many do who possess all the advantages of the light of revelation. The principal difference consisted in this—he prayed in their lowly chamber, with no other witness than his grandmother and his God, while many seldom invoke the attention of the Creator without requiring

a crowded congregation to bear witness. Why hide your candle under a bushel! Let the meek and lowly behold with what audacity pride and ostentation can approach the Deity—as if there were an aristocracy in heaven.

A few years rolled on rapidly. One evening, as the boy was paying his accustomed homage at his mother's grave—zealously repeating the overwhelming appeal of deity to deity—too often an unwinged prayer, and, doubtless, at times, a malediction self-invoked upon the head of the Pharisee, the boy, as he arose, beheld a man standing beside him.

"Whose grave is that, my child, you are kneeling on?"

"My mother sleeps here."

The stranger read the simple inscription on the head-stone—shuddered, and inquired in a tremulous voice,

"Your father—do you know your father?"

"Our father who art in heaven," began the boy, standing erect, and with uplifted hands—

"His name?"

"Hallowed be thy name."

"I mean your father."

"I have no other father."

The thunder of heaven could not so have shaken the iron nerves of that strong man, as did the simple reply of the idiot-boy; but was it not thunder of heaven that spoke in that small voice—"I have no other father."

"Come, come," said the boy, taking him kindly by the hand—and the unnerved man suffered himself to be led away as if he were both maimed and blind. Marvel not at that; men of the sternest minds, at times, allow themselves to be led away by idiots.

They reached the widow's cottage as she was in the act of dismissing her little school. They paused, and overheard the admonition and blessing she bestowed upon her pupils, about to leave her for the night, while each shook hands with her as if impatient for the coming morrow. The man bowed his head and wept, as if he were a child again. Children always make good men feel as children; and at times they restore the blurred record of childhood so vividly to the minds of the impure, that they wish they were children again. But as that is impossible, let them indulge in a prospective view of their second childhood—early vice in the seed.

They entered the cottage—Miriam was surprised

at beholding a stranger thus introduced; she turned her face toward him—recognised him and clasping her hands, sunk, upon a chair exclaiming, "Mark Moreland!"

Where she sat was the place where the boy was accustomed to pray of nights. He ran to her and knelt, saying, "Mother, I pray as Christ prayed;" a phrase she had taught him. He commenced, and coming to the passage, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us"—which the widow had taught him to pronounce with the solemnity due to its importance—she looked into the eyes of the contrite man, then into the secret recesses of her own heart, and the prayer, passing from the untutored lips of an idiot child, sunk more deeply than ever before, though aided by theatrical gesture—pomp—and the studied elocution of the preacher. Mark was forgiven as far as human infirmity can forgive.

During his absence he had acquired some property. His habits had undergone a change, and all with whom he had any dealings pronounced him an upright and industrious man.—Yet he felt himself a vagrant on earth, without the prospect of ever becoming a denizen of heaven.

The widow received him as her son, and he employed himself to render their home the abode of peace. True—it was lighted up with genial sunshine, but bright rays never played there. Clouds seldom intruded, except upon Mark's soul, when he contemplated the vacant stare of his child. He had brought him into the light of life only to give him darkness. Morning and evening he beheld the boy appealing to his God in the darkness of his intellect, and arise from his prayers, happy. The thought occurred—I have intellect of which I was once proud, yet stand aloof from the path that leads to Him who gave it! He knelt down a humbled man beside his idiot son, and prayed. The boy smiled to see him pray, and patted him on the head in imitation of his grandmother's benediction, and ever after led him to their bedside, and prayed together. Truly, in this instance, "the child was father of the man," though not in the sense the poet intended.

All nature is at times oracular, speaking in a voice too plain to be misunderstood. The earth, the sky, the ocean, are unwearied and eloquent teachers. The rustling of the autumnal leaf may awake faculties that would slumber on the sea-beach—th

rippling brook babbles its lesson, and even the stroke of the dark iron upon the dull flint, may elicit a spark sufficient for some minds; man knows not when nor whence he may imbibe the semi-annual idea that expands the soul, until darkness becomes luminous, and light gleams through chaos. God's ministers are legion.

We move in circles. Miriam's unoffending life had promised all, and yet she suffered all. Her child died, harmless; had she lived longer, would she so have died? The widow infused a glimmer of light into a blank mind, which guided the footsteps of a cast-away. His sacrifice of the unoffending had worked out his own salvation. Good came out of evil. The purest on earth was sacrificed for the sins of man, and human nature should strive to imitate the example.—The greatest evil has conferred on man the greatest good.

The boy lived and died a blank, still he was born for good. The widow soon followed him to the grave, having fulfilled her duty; and Mark is living to this day a grey-haired wealthy man—and of course, respected by all; and yet he would give all earth to be respected by himself and God.

THE RECLUSE OF BLACK LOG MOUNTAIN.

On a sultry day in the month of July, business called me to visit the village of Shirleysburg, situated on a level piece of ground, rising gradually from the banks of Aughwick creek, which is separated from the town by cultivated meadows. A long and wide street, or rather the public road, lined on each side with plain but substantial dwelling houses, to each of which is attached a sufficiency of ground for gardens and out-houses, makes the town, in all respects, conformable to the generality of Pennsylvania villages in its appearance and structure. The creek pursues a northerly course, and on its western side the lofty summit of Jack's mountain frowns in gloomy majesty over a narrow valley. On the east of the village, the sandy ridge breaks the prospect, and seems as a step designed by nature to enable the adventurous traveller to reach the rugged and romantic heights of the Black Log Mountain, whose

precipitous sides, as yet undivested of the forests of ages, bound the view for many miles in a continued undulating chain of hills, which rise behind the village, casting their depths of shade over the well cultivated vale of Germany.

There is something peculiarly pleasing in arriving at the end of a journey, especially if travelling alone, or if little accidents on the road have in any degree destroyed the equanimity of our temper. Unusual heat of the weather creates lassitude, clouds of dust are very incommoding; the careless tread of an animal ever ready to obey the voice of his rider, and to quicken his pace over a rough road may cause a momentary stumble, which often provokes the goad of a spur, the lash of a whip, or at least an angry jerk of the bridle, accompanied with an exclamation of impatience and discontent. The unexpected sound of a loose shoe as it strikes the rolling flint, gives indication of trouble and delay, and all thoughts are banished save those of a smith shop, or a lame horse in default of one—the increased jingling of the receding nails are the death knells of expiring patience, hopeless glances are repeatedly cast at the broken hoof, until a sudden, overpowering rattling is succeeded by a soft tread, and a full

conviction that the unlucky shoe is cast, when the remains of good humor are apt to be cast with it. These, and many other trifling causes, powerfully operate on the bile of the equestrian traveller; but the end of his journey approaches, and the house of his friend, or the sign of his host, appears within his reach, and all frowns are quickly dispelled; the tired animal partakes of the returning satisfaction of his rider, and moves with a brisker step, whilst imagination depicts the hearty welcome, the good cheer, and the pleasures of rest and ablution to the weary traveller.

With feelings of this nature, I approached Aughwick creek, over which is thrown a huge covered bridge, whose ponderous timbers and iron-work support a roof, rising and falling like the waves of the sea, bidding defiance to all rules of architecture, and conveying the preposterous idea of expending hundreds of dollars to save a penny worth of flooring. After crossing the bridge I soon discovered the ancient site of Fort Shirley. Long previous to our revolution, a block-house and outworks had been erected, as well to secure the few inhabitants from the predatory incursions of the red men of the forest, as to form a chain of posts extending through

the State, on the frontier of the settlements of the agricultural adventurers of early days. The British general was honored by his troops in having his name given to the strong-hold, and though the plough and the harrow have long since levelled all traces of a warlike station, yet the village still retains the ancient name, and the old men can still point out to the curious inquirer, the spot where once the brave dreamed of glory, whilst wakeful sentinels paced the confines of a gloomy forest in constant fear of the deadly rifle aim, or tomahawk stroke of the concealed savage of the wilderness.

The village school-house stands at the entrance of the town; it was noon, and the busy hum within announced that the hour of relaxation from the abstruse study of spelling-books, and the unknown numbers of the rule of three, and temporary relief from the terrors of the awe-commanding birch, had happily arrived to the rising generation. A little stream of water crossed the road, rapidly hastening to join its tributary rill to the Aughwick, and by its strong current to be borne along through many channels until the whole should be lost in the world of waters. And this, thought I, as a group of happy urchins rushed from the school-room, is an emblem

of human life! Youth is like the mountain spring, bright and pure at its source, delightful to view, and yielding its refreshing benefits in silence and modesty. Leaving its native bed to seek its passage through the vale, it murmurs over rocks, thunders down precipices, and winding its devious course over unforeseen obstructions, it now becomes a morass, and now a perturbed and polluted stream; the rivulet presses forward, and each step from the fountain adds a stain upon its purity, until swelled by descending rains, and mingled with the streams of the valley, the mountain spring is known no longer, but a rapid torrent hastens to lose itself in the bosom of the ocean. Such is the varied passage of man through life: pure at his outset, ambition points out the enticing valley below him; rocks and quicksands in vain obstruct his way; he passes onward, but the stream has partaken of the nature of the obstructions; the evils of life descend upon him; the tide of contending passions hurry him into the vortex of the world, whence he rushes on to the ocean of eternity!

My horse had stopped midway of the stream to drink: I had an opportunity of examining the group before me. The town children were running, or

rather jumping, through the dusty road, with all the wild hilarity of unrestrained joy, towards their respective homes. Near the road a large apple tree afforded an excellent shade for the children who lived at a distance, and who were now preparing their frugal meal of pie and cakes, each from a little basket, and spreading their cheer on the grass beneath the tree. Between two logs of the school-house, a long, narrow frame, extended the whole breadth of the house; this had been covered with sheets of copy-books, in place of glass lights—a kind of "lucus a non lucendo." Some broken sheets disclosed the faces of three unfortunate delinquents, who were peeping at, to them, forbidden pleasures, for, although the door was open, they were *kept in* until the frown of the master should relax, and the welcome sound issue from his lips, "Go!"—although an admonition never failed to accompany the starting word, "Mind you behave yourselves better after this."

The master made his appearance as I approached the door, and I observed that he was in conversation with an elderly, magisterial looking man, who was about to leave the school-house. They were standing in the doorway, and I overheard part of

their discourse, as the latter took his leave—"No one but a crazy woman would live as she does; I tell you she must be looked after; she must be examined; she may become a burden on the township; it will never do, I tell you."—"Well, sir, I will accompany you to the mountain to-morrow, and I will give you a holiday for that purpose; we shall then know all about her."

I rode forward, not without some curiosity respecting the mysterious subject of the conversation, which was increased by a question put by the daughter of the stranger, who was waiting until her father should leave the school.

"And does she live all alone on the mountain? I wonder who she is, father."

"That's exactly what I wish to know myself."

And that's what I will know before I leave this place, said I, mentally, for I began to feel myself just as much interested as people generally are when part of a mystery is disclosed, which shows that something worth having is withheld.

With this determination, I alighted at the door of the inn, and was cordially welcomed by my old host, whose gouty limbs did not permit him to leave his chair, but his smiling countenance, hearty salu-

tation, and outstretched hand, told me I was at home.

I soon concluded my business, and after having dined, I ordered a bottle of wine to be placed in a cooler and a cigar on the table, and addressed myself to my landlord on the subject of the mysterious woman of the mountain. He could only inform me that she was the subject of much curiosity, that few people had visited her, and she would not speak to any one except the schoolmaster, who had twice been to her lonely habitation, and perhaps knew more about her than he chose to mention. But, added my host, I will send for the master, and no doubt he will be pleased to communicate to you all he knows concerning the "mad woman of the mountain," as she is generally called. She surely can have no good reason for concealment now, as the overseers of the poor have spoken to the magistrates on the subject, and the master has been already officially called on to disclose his knowledge of the stranger. And besides that, a glass of wine and a cigar are great promoters of a good understanding, and freedom of conversation; and, to conclude, as the master says, "in vino veritas," that is, as I take it, "when wine is in, wit is out."

I much approved of this measure, and in a few minutes the master made his appearance, and having learnt my determination to visit the mysterious stranger, politely offered to dismiss his school for the afternoon, and to accompany me to the hermitage of the Recluse of Black Log Mountain. "It is," said the master, "not only for the purpose of obliging you, but also to apprize the lonely inhabitant of the mountain, that to-morrow the arm of civil authority will be extended to protect her; that is, in other words, if she refuses to give a satisfactory account of herself, the law will presume her to be, what perhaps she is not, and send her to the house of correction as a vagrant, or trundle her out of the township as an intruder on its charitable funds." Having dismissed his school, the master returned, and one of my friends having joined us whilst we were finishing our wine the following brief statement, concerning the Recluse, was made by the master:

"The unknown female first made her appearance in the vale of Germany early in the spring of last year; she was well clothed, but appeared much dejected, no one knew from whence she came, and she would not disclose to any one her name or for-

mer place of residence: although certainly in want, for she had no money, she would not accept of any gratuitous offering, but demanded to be set to work and received her wages. It was only at two or three farm houses that she would ask for employment, and although her habitation is but three miles distant, she has never been in the town but once. As soon as she had accumulated a little money, she purchased flour and meat from one of the farmers and disappeared. For some time it was not known where she had gone, until she again made her appearance in the valley, demanding employment. To every question relative to her place of concealment she refused an answer, and at times spoke incoherently, and apparently abstracted from the knowledge of the transactions around her—but still she labored assiduously, received her pay, again bought provisions, and again disappeared; a third time she came into the settlement, and conducted herself in the same manner; but suspicion being now awakened, as soon as she had purchased provisions, she was watched and followed at a distance until she was seen to enter the thicket of Black Log mountain, at a spot where no path was known to lead through the forest. A party of the neighbors

assembled, and after the utmost difficulty succeeded in clambering over rocks, and through locust thickets, until they discovered something like a path, by the twigs being broken from the bushes on each side. Pursuing this until they came near the summit of the mountain, they discovered a rude hut built of stones, on a shelf or rocky bench of the mountain, and in the hut the object of their search. She appeared more irritated than alarmed, and expressed her anger that her privacy should be broken in upon. But these good people had no motive save that of befriending her in their apparent curiosity. They were Germans, who seldom had communication out of their own immediate society with the rest of the world, and this may account for the knowledge of the conduct and habitation of the mysterious female remaining so long unknown to the rest of the inhabitants of this district. By the exertions of her friends, her dwelling was in some degree improved, and as no persuasion could induce her to leave the mountain, except when necessity drove her into the valley to seek for provisions, she was permitted to remain unmolested in her hermitage during the winter. She suffered much from the extreme cold of a most rigorous

season; and the terrors excited by wild beasts, as she has confessed to me, had less effect on her than the dread of entering the habitation of human beings, unless she was compelled to do so by the mandates of hunger. I have twice been to see her, but the conversation I have had with her I am not at liberty to disclose, as she has made her communications under the promise of secrecy. But I will conduct you to her dwelling, and as it is possible she may be as communicative to you as to myself, when she learns that the *powers that be* require her submission to their decrees, your visit may be productive of pleasure to yourself and of essential benefit to her."

Our wine lasted just as long as the schoolmaster's tale, and we were still as dry as when he began. Whether this was owing to the weather, the heating tendency of the wine, the exsiccant quality of the cigars, or the *dryness* of the tale itself, I leave to my readers to determine. In the meanwhile we shall commence our walk towards the cave of the Recluse of the Black Log Mountain.

We passed through a lane dividing the fields adjoining the town, and having entered a deep ravine at its eastern extremity, our path ascended

the sandy ridge through a deep shade of lofty pines and oaks, the "monarchs of the forest." From the summit of a high ridge we could not obtain a view on either side of the valley, as the whole face of the hill was thickly covered with an impervious wood, and eastward the Black Log Mountain seemed to unite its base with the sandy ridge, whilst all below us was one deep black gulf of forest.

We descended the hill by a precipitous, narrow, winding path, and over our heads the meeting branches of the underwood already cast the gloom of night upon our footsteps; a gurgling stream of water ran at the foot of the ridge, and having crossed it on stepping stones, we immediately descried a substantial farm-house on the opposite bank. Having ascended the bank the effect was magical—a few minutes since, and with difficulty we sought our path through the darkness of the forest. We had crossed the Lethe, and although we did not drink of its waters, yet all recollection of dreary ways was at once lost as we emerged, in the glorious sunshine of a summer's afternoon, into the Elysian prospect which lay before us.

The beautiful vale of Germany extended to our left, presenting to the view as far as the eye could

reach, the well cultivated farms of its numerous and wealthy inhabitants. Small copses of wood separated the plantations of the proprietors, and in many instances a row of trees along the fence divided the fields, so that the whole country appeared like an irregularly laid out garden, whose beds are surrounded with evergreens. The country was burthened with the harvest, and in some fields, already the hand of man had partially gathered the kindly fruits from their parent earth. The yellow surface of the stubble interspersed with the thick shocks of grain; the waving tops of the yet standing patches of wheat now bending to the light breeze, and now falling before the sickle of the reaper; the long line of industrious harvest men stretching through the field with military precision, and now stooping, and now rising, each intent on keeping pace and stroke with his leader; young women and little children gathering, binding, and gleaning, like beauty and innocence preserving what strength and labour had achieved; in some fields the happy groups of labourers enjoying their evening refreshment under the kindly shade of trees; and the beautiful long streaming green leaves of the Indian corn, shedding here and there a

verdant relief over the golden scene of the grain fields, altogether presented a picture which drew forth exclamations of rapture from our little party. The deep pause which followed convinced me that my companions felt as I did: the heart was softened and the soul elevated to give praise to the Dispenser of all good gifts for the enjoyment of rebellious man.

We enjoyed this beautiful prospect for some minutes in silence, but as our path did not lie through the settlement we turned abruptly towards the mountain and pursued our course through an open wood until at the distance of half a mile, our progress was impeded by a swamp, on the farther side of which the pine clad heights abruptly rose from a bed of granite. Our guide after some reconnoitering discovered stepping stones irregularly laid across the swamp, and led the way to the rocky thicket which skirted the base of the Black Log Mountain.

Having with some difficulty discovered an entrance through the thicket, our guide assured us that we were on the right path, which was only perceptible by means of the dead branches which had been broken and twisted from the bushes on either side, apparently as well to assist a person in

the difficult ascent, as to designate by which way he might return in safety. The perpendicular height of the mountain is about a thousand feet above the level of the waters in the valley, and we had with considerable difficulty clambered our way about two-thirds up its precipitous sides, when our guide stopt and pointed above our heads to a rude structure of stones, which appeared to be heaped together without order, on the summit of a rocky shelf which jutted from the side of the hill. Two large trees against which the front of the building leaned, apparently prevented it from falling over the precipice; between the trees an opening in the wall served for an entrance, and in this aperture we descried a female, who by her movements in adjusting her dress, we conjectured had already discerned us.

Our last successful effort in climbing, landed us on a flat piece of ground which surmounted the rocky precipice, and was covered with a few trees and low bushes. In the front, overhanging a steep descent, and preserved from destruction by two supporting pines, an irregular rheap of stones, rudely piled on each other, and covered on the top with pieces of bark stripped from the living trees,

composed the dwelling of the Recluse. Behind the building, a few paces distant, the mountain rose in gloomy grandeur, and on one side a few yards of earth, now made bare by gathering the loose rocks for the walls of the hut, served as a garden, in which a few vegetables and herbs were growing. A little below the hut in front, a small hole in the ground, with sand in the depth, indicated that a spring at times flowed from it, but it was now dry; a rude seat was constructed at the foot of one of the trees before the door, upon which, after saluting the Recluse, I seated myself, as her taciturnity, and the circumstance of her remaining standing in the door of the hut with her back turned on us, did not lead us to expect an invitation to enter. My companions seated themselves on the ground near me, and perhaps we had alarmed the Recluse by our hasty approach, and the station we had taken, for she still continued inside her habitation, and spoke with her back towards us during our whole conversation.—Her bonnet was on her head, and her answers were at times indistinctly heard, but she always repeated them when required, and by degrees resumed confidence, so that in the end I obtained admittance into the rugged apartment of

the solitary, and then conversed more freely face to face, but her position never was changed during our stay.

I observed to her that we had come to visit her habitation, and were much surprised that she had chosen a spot so solitary, and so difficult of access, whilst the friendly inhabitants of a beautiful valley would be pleased to afford her accommodation and assistance. She answered—"I live here as well from choice as necessity, solitary spots are best for those whom tyranny or unkindness has driven from the world, and for those who have suffered by the world's duplicity, and have sought retirement as a relief from witnessing the professions of false friendship."

I hope, said I, that in society neither of these disagreeable events has fallen to your lot.

"Both—I have experienced both—false friends professed much and then deserted me; the world believed much, and I was excluded social communication.—I might have died—for I felt that I was alone in the world—pride saved me—I despised falsehood, and pitied the credulity of the world—I sought for solitude, and am happy that I have here found it."

"But it is not proper to fly from society because disappointment in friendship has been experienced, or because the shafts of calumny have wounded reputation; besides, you are unprotected in this wild and dreary mountain."

"True: Heaven knows I am here unprotected, but I was not less so in the midst of society—I have no friend left—why should I say no *friend left*, I never had a friend.—Yes—my father!"—here she wept bitterly—"but he is dead—or dead to me. I shall never see him more—I could return to the world for a moment to see my father,—but that is impossible—my Father, oh! my Father!"

I endeavoured to soothe her by observing that if she would give us any clue by which we could obtain information respecting her parent, we would exert ourselves, and had no doubt of success.—"Impossible—they would have sent me word—I know he is dead—they brought me to see him die—I know not how I left him—But—my brain—no recollection—Thank God 'tis over and I am happy here."

I suffered her to pause for some time to recover herself; I perceived that the string of insanity had been touched, and I wished the chord to cease to

vibrate. I told her that I was much fatigued, and wished for a draught of water. She pointed to the sandy basin below the hut, and observed, "Like the rest of my false friends, the spring has also left me."

I asked permission to enter the hut, which was granted. The building was about six feet in length and four feet broad, composed of rude stones heaped upon each other without cement, so that wind and rain could not be excluded, even were there no apertures; but there was one door in front together with a small opening for a window and another doorway, at one end, opposite to something like a hearth, upon which some embers were burning, and above, the smoke escaped by reason of one half of the top of the building being left uncovered. I could scarcely stand upright in the centre of the hut where the roof was highest, and there was no article of furniture, except a box apparently holding provisions. There was no bed —the floor was the bare earth—a bundle of clothing was carelessly thrown in one corner, and a few iron materials for cooking hung against the wall.

I had now an opportunity of examining the solitary. She appeared to be about thirty-five

years old, not handsome, but with regular features, deeply tinctured with a cast of melancholy, and her face and hands bearing the effects of an embrowning sun, and a rigid winter. Her clothing consisted of a gown of coarse home made cloth, which covered her to the throat, and long sleeves; a coarse bonnet of plaited straw, and a pair of men's shoes completed her dress.

Comfortless, indeed, said I, is your dwelling. Is it possible that you can sleep here on the earth? and how could you endure the severity of the winter? the wind, the snow and rain have free access?

"I sleep on my parent earth—would to heaven I could sleep beneath it! My misery indeed was great during an excessively cold winter—my feet were frozen. But what are these sufferings when compared with the wretched situation of those who live in the deceitful world! I endure all with more pleasure than when a downy bed received me in my days of prosperity. One terror I experience here that reminds me of the world—the wild beasts—often have the wolves howled around my dwelling—often have the bears approached so near that I was almost tempted to escape into the valley, but I

recollected that I should meet with human beings not less savage, and I remained. I trembled and wept in the world, and I feared and wept in my retreat—the wild beast of the forest cannot harm me more than man has, and why should I again mix with human beings."

I requested her to inform me if I could be of service to her—she replied that she only wished to hear from her father, and under a promise of secrecy she disclosed her name, at the same time telling me that her retreat was not known to her former friends, and she was fearful of being discovered. But her anxiety to hear from her parent overcame her repugnance to being known. The schoolmaster now informed her of the purport of the intended visit of the next morning, and she observed that he knew as much of her history as was proper to be known from herself, but that she was fully prepared for any necessary inquiries.

The sun was sinking in the west, and after wishing a compassionate farewell to the Recluse, we descended the mountain, and as the shades of night closed in, we regained the village.

I feel so much interested in the story of the unfortunate solitary, that if I can prevail on the

schoolmaster, with the permission of the persons interested, to give me the details, I will certainly make it public, and perhaps some good effect may result to the unhappy Recluse of the Mountain.

THE END.